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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

It is six years ago this week since the rulers of Europe, with that wisdom which can come only of the inner knowledge given to those in high estate, decided on war. They must have wished often enough since that they had left Pandora's box alone. Most of those who released the evils over earth have fallen victims to their own act. But even those who have survived have learned little or nothing, and certainly have not remembered that Hope might perchance have been left in the box, when the other blessings left this earth. At least, they have acted as though the happy survival of hope were to be kept carefully from the knowledge of their despairing peoples. So far as England is concerned, however, we have some measure of cheer. We have the Premier's own words for it that he really "does not want to turn this country into another Ireland." But the words of our wise have not been stranger than the events which they never foresaw and could not control. Only to-day, for example, is it possible for all to discuss with any seriousness that Russian "steam-roller," which the "Times," nearly six years ago, assured us was moving rapidly to Berlin to end the war, though now that journal and its friends are in deadly fear lest at last it should reach Berlin.

THOUGH the "Gaulois" was confident that "the results of the Boulogne conference do honor to the patient energy and adroitness that M. Millerand has brought to bear in defending France's point of view," it does not appear that M. Millerand's influence has deflected Mr. Lloyd George from his original intent. The Premier stated in the House on Thursday that the British reply to the Soviet Government was that "the British Government considered that if the Allied Governments were to meet the delegates with any chance of success, delegates of the Polish Government and the

other Border States must also be present"; and that "the conference shall have as its essential object the re-establishment of peace in Europe, and in the first place between Poland and Russia."

* * *

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL, no doubt, finds writing for the Northcliffe Press a lucrative occupation for his spare moments. A great deal might be said about the lurid three columns he contributed to the "Evening News" on Wednesday, proposing the substitution of Germany for Poland as the outpost of the Allies against Bolshevism, but the most pertinent comment was Commander Kenworthy's demand in the House that the Secretary for War should be restrained from publishing inflammatory anti-Bolshevist articles in the Press, while a British Note inviting the Bolsheviks to a conference in London was actually awaiting despatch. The effect of Mr. Churchill's articles on British opinion is negligible. The public has known him and his philippics too long. But the effect elsewhere, and particularly in Russia, may well be exactly what the Secretary for War means it to be. The whole success of the negotiations with the Bolsheviks depends on whether the Soviet Government can be convinced that Mr. Lloyd George is at last in earnest in his advances. When M. Krassin was last in London he was given emphatic assurances of the Prime Minister's complete sincerity. "How can I trust the British Government," he answered, "when the Secretary for War is allowed to attack us every fortnight in the Press?" What matters about Mr. Churchill's last lurid emission is not how it reads in London, but how it will read in Moscow, where the maintenance of a rigid régime of Cabinet discipline a little disqualifies the average man from appreciating the advantages of the system of Cabinet anarchy Mr. Lloyd George is content to tolerate.

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THE deposition of the Emir Feisul by, or under the ægis of, the French army in Syria—for the announcement that "a new Government has been spontaneously constituted in the presence of General Goybet" carries its own interpretation on its face—adds a seriously disturbing factor to those already at work throughout the Middle East. Its first, and most natural, consequence is that Feisul's father, the King of the Hedjaz, has withdrawn his representative from Paris and appealed to the League of Nations for justice. If the League is considering mandates at its San Sebastian meeting, as its published programme indicates, it may profitably devote some attention to the passage in the Covenant providing that in communities like Syria "the wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the mandatory." What is happening in Syria is exactly what is happening, on a rather less formidable scale, in Mesopotamia, where the army of occupation is being continuously increased, and comprehensive assurances as to coming autonomy form a serviceable cloak for the perpetuation of an elaborate bureaucracy on the best Indian models. Colonel Lawrence's demand that the Arabs shall be allowed to

govern themselves is decisively reinforced by the latest demonstration of the inability of the Western powers to govern them.

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THE belated publication of the oil agreement between Great Britain and France concluded last April at San Remo goes some way to clear up the question of how far the people of Mesopotamia retain property in the oil within their borders. It now appears that though an oil concession covering the whole of the Baghdad and Mosul vilayets was granted before the war by the Sultan to the Turkish Petroleum Company, and the British Government has undertaken that such pre-war concessions shall be respected, the agreement dealt only with prospecting, and the question of actual production and royalties had never been settled. It is therefore open to the new Government, or to its mandatory acting for it, either to make its own terms with the company or alternatively to work the oil itself. The San Remo agreement leaves the right of the Mesopotamian Government intact, merely providing that, if the oil is worked direct, France shall have the right to buy 25 per cent. of the output at current market rates; while if it is worked by a company France shall have the right to take up at current prices 25 per cent. of the shares in the company, conditionally on making over a fifth of such shares to the native Government. It remains to secure that the actual terms fixed are just to the native Government. So far as the San Remo agreement goes its general rights appear to be adequately safeguarded.

* * *

ONE of the most important decisions taken at Spa was that the Allies should take active steps to improve the food supply of Germany. British and French representatives at the Boulogne meeting last Tuesday settled certain details of the loan to be made to Germany for this purpose, and a conference of the Allied and German Food Ministers is to be held within the next fortnight to work out administrative problems. To lend Germany money to enable her to come into the markets of the world as a purchaser in competition with the Allies, would merely have the effect of forcing up prices all round for everyone. The practicability of developing a general scheme of co-operative purchasing, such as the Allies elaborated successfully during the war, is open to some doubt; but the danger of a demand increased by Germany's newly acquired purchasing power driving up both food prices and freight rates is by no means imaginary, and proper provision must be made to avert it. Having no shipping of her own to carry her food imports, Germany needs more than money to effect the improvement the Allies have agreed to be necessary in her economic condition.

* * *

THE decisive endorsement by the Reichstag of the agreements to which the German delegates set their signature at Spa is a considerable relief from an anxiety there was much to justify. Twice during the Spa controversies—once in connection with disarmament and once in connection with coal—the secession of the German People's Party from the Government was threatened. Herr Stinnes, the pillar of that party, returned to Berlin in advance of his colleagues with intentions which, though undisclosed, were believed to mean disaster for the Chancellor. As it turned out, the spokesman of the People's Party definitely announced the continued adhesion of the party to the Administration in spite of dissatisfaction with certain of the Spa decisions. With the Majority Socialists also

supporting them Ministers were able not merely to defeat but to rout the opposition, which, significantly enough, consisted of the Extreme Right and the Extreme Left, the German National Party and the Extreme Socialists. The vote, as practically all the speeches indicated, was a personal triumph for the Foreign Secretary, Dr. Simons.

* * *

THE Council of the League of Nations has before it this week the report of the influential commission of jurists that sat recently at the Hague to draw up a scheme for an International Court. The fact that the commission included lawyers of the weight of Lord Phillimore and Mr. Elihu Root is sufficient testimony to the value of its proposals, which the Council of the League will no doubt endorse with little if any alteration. It is intended that the Court of International Justice shall have jurisdiction on questions of the interpretation of treaties or other international agreements, questions of fact, questions of international law, and questions of redress or reparation. The Court may further, under the Covenant, be called on to advise the Council or Assembly on any question referred to it, such, for example, as whether a particular matter can be regarded as solely within the jurisdiction of one of the parties to a dispute. Such a Court must make its own status, and much will obviously depend on the personalities of the fifteen judges it is proposed to appoint. The right of national appointment is in reality less important than the Hague Commission suggests, for judicial competence and impartiality are not more highly developed among the Great Powers than among the small. But even in such matters national *amour propre* has unfortunately still to be considered.

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THE Government has partially yielded to the popular agitation on the railway fares by fixing the increase at a farthing instead of a halfpenny a mile. The new impost is to date from August 6th, and the decision is defended on the ground that if the increase had been postponed until after the holidays a halfpenny advance would have been necessary. The concession is not likely to abate the discontent of the working and lower class wage earners who have been compelled to take their holidays after the first week in August, but this discontent will be trifling compared with the cumulative unrest which the Government will have to face when the full effects of its railway policy are experienced. All that the public realizes at present is that holidays are to be more costly. The permanent and therefore heavier burden of the substantially higher cost of season and workmen's tickets will be felt later.

* * *

BUT that will be only the beginning. The so-called fares "ramp" has quite overshadowed the prospective increase in all freight charges. It is stated on good authority that something like £50,000,000 has to be raised in this way, and this will probably mean an addition of £60,000,000 to the cost of commodities purchased by the consumer, because manufacturers, wholesale dealers, and the rest of the intermediate agents usually see to it that they cover themselves and leave a margin for contingencies. Coal, for instance, is already at famine prices for the poor in London and the south, but a further increase in price is almost certain after the freight charges are raised. The whole cost of living is bound to leap upward again at a time when the higher rents come into operation. Serious unrest is

already brewing in the engineering and half-a-dozen other important industries. Movements on a great scale for increased wages are inevitable.

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THE curious part of the business is the fact that the public does not know why it should have to pay these higher rates and fares. The Government statistics hide more than they reveal, and the arguments in favor of a policy of unification and economy are cynically ignored both by Sir Eric Geddes and the Government. The coal situation is rather different. It is fully acknowledged that despite the refusal to achieve the vast economies which the experts say are possible under national control of the industry, a surplus of not less than £66,000,000 may be expected within the next twelve months. But nine-tenths of this is claimed by the Treasury in order to hide the actual national expenditure, and to save the wealthiest taxpayers from bearing their fair share of the burden. The miners contend that, failing nationalization, the pooling of profits should be continued, and that the surplus should be divided between consumers and miners. They would have been on stronger ground if they had insisted that the whole surplus should be applied to the reduction of the cost of living, but that does not affect the general indictment against the Government's policy. Cheaper coal, and railway reforms to reduce rates and fares, would help to keep down the cost of everything else.

* * *

THE report of the Sub-Committee on Tweed Cloths which has been issued this week under the Profiteering Act appears to be welcomed in Bradford as a counterblast to that indiscreet disclosure which the Sub-Committee on Yarn Prices made some few months ago. It relates to the material of the average as distinct from the expensive suit, sold at from £4 4s. to £6 6s. ready-made. The report does not tell us where all that £6 6s. goes, but there are hints. For example, we learn that the eight firms whose books were examined had pre-war average aggregate profit of 10 per cent., which in the period ending June, 1919, had risen to 19.7 per cent. This last figure amounted to the enormous sum of £1,472,000, and out of it the Government took £882,000 as E.P.D. This means that the Government, after the war was over, was continuing to collect a tax on clothes unsanctioned by Parliament, and unknown to the wearers of the garments. It should also be remembered that by its own profiteering in raw wool the Government had raised the price of the most important element in this cloth, and thus commenced the policy of inflation. It took two enormous profits out of these ready-made suits—one out of the raw wool, and another out of the cloth. It is easy to understand why in 1919 it took no steps to control clothing prices, and why the Board of Trade killed the "standard suit" scheme.

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BUT we must confess to a little surprise at the artless manner in which the sub-committee proceed to whitewash the tweed manufacturers. They coolly deduct from their profits the sum of £115,000, which will be paid as income-tax and super-tax on their reserves. In other words, if the poor manufacturer chooses to leave a portion of his profits in his business for his own benefit he ought not to be asked to count that sum as profits. Why should he not be allowed to deduct the rates he pays on his house, and the licence he pays for his dog and his motor car, when calculating his income? The sub-committee by these deductions produce a modest net profit of 4.5 per cent. on sales, against 10.1 per cent. pre-war. It is

always "on sales" nowadays, incidentally because this has the effect of reducing the apparent size of the profit. It does not reduce its cash amount, and in this instance the eight firms, when everything has been deducted that the sympathetic heart of the sub-committee can suggest, took £334,000 in cash against £185,000 pre-war. After all, nobody pays a percentage into his banking account, and nobody can pay his tailor with a percentage. In each case it is hard cash that counts.

* * *

"THIS torn and bleeding earth is calling to-day for the help of the America of Abraham Lincoln." This sentence from Mr. Elihu Root's oration at the presentation of the Lincoln statue seems ironic enough if we put it beside the speech made by Senator Harding when accepting the Republican candidature. He denounced the Wilson policy as presidential usurpation and the League of Nations as super-government; declared that the Senate's action had saved the independence of American nationality, and that adherence to any written compact for international action was impossible for the United States. This is the first shot in a campaign the note of which, in regard to the Treaty issue, was supposed by the conservative Republicans to have been sounded in Mr. Root's contribution to the party platform. Mr. Harding's reading of the situation is obviously this: that the Eastern Republicans' hatred of Wilsonism will insure a solid party vote, but that the Western Progressives, so called, must be held by speeches which imply that the candidate has adopted the intransigent position of Johnson and Knox. Of course it is true that Governor Cox's statements on the Covenant tempt Mr. Harding to emphasize his hostility, but for the winning of the West he is hardly in danger of overstating it. Even more significant, for campaign purposes, is Mr. Harding's unequivocal declaration in favor of full peace with Russia. The Republican managers stand, first of all, for big business.

* * *

THE quietude of the village parson is grossly disturbed by the report of a committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to consider the relations of the Church to rural life. The clergyman in the average village, according to the committee, is charged by his parishioners with want of energy, spirit, and initiative; he suffers from lack of vision, timidity, love of compromise, and class-selfishness; in many parishes he has ceased to have any influence. These are hard words, but most of them are true. The plain fact is that the ordinary village charge has little to attract the kind of vicar the parish needs. A country living gives a scholar leisure for his studies, but the scholar-parson is not the man to establish the essential personal contacts with the varied and often antagonistic elements that make up the village microcosm. Neither is the clergyman attracted merely by a comfortable endowment, still less the ineffective who finds grateful refuge from the storms of life in a village backwater. The root difficulty is that in the average village the feudal system still survives, and the parson, by a tradition he is rarely resolute enough to defy, is lined up politically and socially with the landowner and the farmer in distinction from the laborer, who, to make the cleavage wider, commonly attends the chapel instead of the church. All the committee says about developing village life and associating the parson with its every aspect is sound enough. But things being as they are, the village parson is entitled to some sympathy as a set-off to criticisms that have to be accepted as just.

Politics and Affairs.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC.

THE central fact of the present situation in Ireland is that an Irish Republic exists. What is to be done with it? That is the problem which confronts His Majesty's Ministers. There never has been a situation like it in Ireland before. Ireland now possesses a democratically elected Parliament, Dáil Eireann, with a Cabinet responsible to it. It boasts, in the Irish Volunteers, both of an army and a police force. It has set up courts with benches of magistrates, before which the great majority of litigants now bring their disputes. In other words, Ireland is this year not only a nation but a State. Her constitutional machine may be still only in the making, but it is already sufficiently complete to insure almost perfect order in every part of the south and west which has not been reduced to chaos by the military and the police. In the circumstances, it is a remarkable achievement. The foundations of the Irish State have been laid by hunted men—by men overlooked by rifle, tank, and machine-gun. Ireland has been converted into one vast British garrison town, but in the very heart of it, all the time, the spirit of a new life has been at work, giving birth to institutions, binding the people together, raising the orange-white-and-green banner in full view of the army of reconquest. Had these things been accomplished in any other part of the world than Ireland, with what enthusiasm we should have saluted the youngest of the nations! Mr. Lloyd George would have raced to the Welsh hills in search of a simile to befit the occasion. Even the poets might have opened their lips and rejoiced, as did the English poets of a nobler age.

We do not think the average Englishman has the slightest conception of the strength of the movement that, according to Sir Edward Carson, has beaten the Government over three-fourths of Ireland. He does not realize what it means that every County Council outside Ulster should have transferred its allegiance from Westminster to the Irish Republic. He does not understand that, while last year the Irish Republic was a theory living on sufferance, this year it is a living and successful fact—at least for the time being. Last year the Republic was besieged: this year it is the besieger. Last year the Republicans were the interned: to-day the interned are the officials of Dublin Castle and the police. It is apparently the belief of Unionists of the "Morning Post" type that the position can be reversed, and the Irish Republic pinned to the earth by a more resolute Dublin Castle. They demand the reconquest of Ireland, no longer in the name of order, as they used to do, but in the name of British self-interest. They have at last abandoned every pretence of moral consideration in their attitude to Ireland, and call for a victory over Ireland, not for Ireland's sake, but only for that of the British Empire. The whole affair is to them as unmoral as a dog-fight, and they are determined that England must be top-dog. Occasionally, no doubt, they assume a certain moral indignation, and denounce the Sinn Feiners as "cowardly murderers." But their morality is hardly

even skin-deep; when the murders are committed on the part of the soldiers and police, they are made light of, as though the killing of a mere Irish civilian were a venial offence, like losing one's temper or forgetting to post a letter. They run a one-sided "atrocities" propaganda, which conceals from the world the fact that crimes are committed on both sides of the struggle.

Last Monday, when Mr. Devlin was describing in the House of Commons how the Catholics in the Belfast shipyards had been driven into the tide, and on swimming to the far side of the channel, had been forced back into the water again, a Coalition Member called out: "The best place for them!" That is the spirit of die-hard Unionism in regard to Ireland to-day. It is a spirit the logic of which is the extermination of the Irish people. The constructive side of Irish Republicanism is ignored. Its crimes are remembered, not because crimes really shock our politicians, if they are committed on the "right" side, but because they enable them to win the sympathy of bishops and burgesses in their effort to stamp out the fires of Irish freedom. The Government knows perfectly well that the only way to put a stop to crime in Ireland is to withdraw the military and the police. But it will not do this, because it is less interested in the suppression of crime than in the suppression of the efforts of the Irish to substitute a Government they do not like for one they do.

Not that Mr. Lloyd George, so far as can be gathered from his address to the railwaymen, has any clear policy, even a wicked one, in regard to Ireland. He is merely Mr. Micawber trusting to time and to luck. If he indicated any policy, it was no more than a fear for the security of Great Britain's strategic military interest. He demands, it is true, self-determination for Ulster, but, as he denies it to the rest of Ireland, it is obvious that he has no belief in self-determination on moral grounds. He denies that Ireland is a nation, compares it scornfully to Cornwall, and serves up a dish of Tory decayed meat mildly peppered with Liberal phrases. He will not recognize the Irish Republic. He will not inaugurate an Irish Dominion. He has no Irish policy but to creep into Abraham Lincoln's bosom and sing himself to sleep there to the tune of "The Boyne Water." He is, unfortunately, served in Ireland by men who know as little of the country as if they were in gaol. There are leading officials in Dublin Castle who live permanently behind barbed wire and bayonets, able to take no exercise save in an improvised gymnasium, men without knowledge, and with jumpy nerves. They see Ireland, not as a reality, but as a nightmare. Never coming into personal contact with the Republicans, they regard them as monsters. Not one of them, we imagine, has ever attended a Sinn Fein court, or seen for himself the amazing transformation of life in the west of Ireland since Irishmen set their hands to the task of national reconstruction. They prefer chaos itself to an order not produced by themselves. During the past fortnight, Sinn Fein courts have been suppressed, and the R.I.C., being unable to arrest ordinary thieves and law-breakers, have been told to arrest the Republican police. Dublin Castle will never

govern Ireland again, but at least it is going to prevent Irishmen from governing it. Yet it does not even know how to do this. Is it to be wondered at that its agents occasionally take things into their own hands and sack a town or fire into an unarmed crowd? It is the logic of a policy of chaos. What alternative is left to these unhappy men? The Government will not give Ireland freedom. This being so, it has no alternative but to give it frightfulness.

It is a regrettable thing that, during the recent Irish debates in the House of Commons, English Liberalism has spoken with so halting a voice. It is the function of Liberalism, not merely to condemn Amritsars after the event, but to prevent them from happening. Yet in Ireland we see the Government staggering blindly towards an Amritsar, creating all the conditions that make an Amritsar inevitable, without that passionate and incessant protest we should expect from the statesmen of Liberalism. Our statesmen seem to forget that the Irish question is in a very real sense an English question; that the ruin of liberty in Ireland means the ruin of liberty in England; and that in the chaos that must ensue, the British Empire itself may perish. Statesmen continually take it for granted that the liberation of Ireland spells the end of the Empire. We say advisedly that the bloody coercion of Ireland—and no other sort of coercion will avail to-day—spells the end of the Empire. We may crush the Irish but we cannot do so without a revolution in this country, without lighting fires of hatred in Australia and America and in the heart of our very Army and Navy, and without awakening terrible echoes in India. English repression in Ireland will bring in its train a still more disastrous punishment than did Spanish repression in Cuba. It will be a greater peril to our national existence than a wilderness of Irish Republics. Shakespeare's and Nelson's England can survive any danger, save the death of freedom not only at our doors but at our hands. That is the Liberal faith. It is for Liberal statesmen to save our country and our commonwealth by proclaiming it fearlessly and unfalteringly to-day.

PEACE IN THE BALANCE.

THE fortnight since the Spa Conference ended has made one thing clear, that the action taken in regard to Russia was more immediately important than the action in regard to Germany. In neither case is the resultant situation clear, but in both Berlin and Moscow there are signs that even the ineptitude of Allied diplomacy has not been able completely to thwart the instinctive insistence of the peoples of Europe on peace and settlement.

So far the German Government has proved capable of weathering the storm its acquiescence in the Spa decisions inevitably raised. The Foreign Minister, Dr. Simons, in particular, has given further proof of the quality of his statesmanship by his candid and courageous presentation of the issues before the Reichstag and the Imperial Economic Council; and even Hugo Stinnes, after declaring the coal demands to be incapable of fulfilment, proceeded to align himself with Herr Otto Huë, the miners' leader, in shaping plans for fulfilling them so far as possible. Precarious, therefore, as the position of the Fehrenbach administration is, there is some

encouragement in the fact that it has survived the first ordeal of facing its constituency with the Spa decisions in its hands.

The second ordeal will be the execution of the Spa agreements, in regard to which there is every prospect of a fresh crisis with the Allies by about October. But by October other factors in the situation may have taken a new form. A Russian settlement is as critical a matter for Germany as for the rest of Europe, critical partly because no country can be indifferent to the political conditions prevailing within a few score miles of its frontier, and partly because so long as the Russian situation remains in flux Great Britain and France can be counted on to preserve an artificial unity of front that is usually antagonistic to a sound settlement with Germany.

As an outcome of the fortnight at Spa and Mr. Lloyd George's five hours' conference with M. Millerand at Boulogne last Tuesday, the prospects of peace in Eastern Europe have advanced and receded by turns. The Spa Note to Moscow, it will be recalled, proposed an armistice between Russia and the Poles, to be followed by a general peace conference in London, in which the Allied Powers, Russia, Poland, and the Baltic States, would all participate. This proposal having been rejected by the Bolsheviks (in a Note which M. Millerand called "impertinent" and Mr. Lloyd George "incoherent," but which to most of us was a masterpiece of coherent pertinence) on the ground that Russia and Poland were quite capable of making their own peace without outside intervention, Lord Curzon rejoined, in terms which did the Cabinet a good deal of credit, that the only concern of Great Britain was that a just peace should be made between the two countries, and if Russia preferred to achieve that without mediation it was her own affair.

A situation thus clarified became immediately confused on the receipt of a further Note from Moscow agreeing to a London conference, not on the lines proposed at Spa, but between Russia and "other powers which participate in hostile actions against her or support such," a conference further defined as consisting of representatives of Russia and the leading powers of the Entente. It is uncertain whether that definition was meant specifically to exclude Poland. If Poland is a member of the conference—the purpose of which, in the view of the Soviet Government, is to establish a definite agreement between Russia and Powers engaged in hostile action against her—the conditions laid down at Spa, except in regard to the secondary matter of the border States, would be fulfilled.

But France, having been induced with difficulty to acquiesce in the Spa Note, could be relied on to interpret the latest Soviet proposal as a new move which it must be made a point of honor to resist. The linked battalions of the "Temps" and the "Times," the "Echo de Paris" and the "Matin" and the "Débats," were all heavily engaged within twelve hours of the receipt of the Soviet Note. Given another two days they would no doubt have swept M. Millerand off his feet. As it was, the Boulogne meeting came a little too soon. Mr. Lloyd George, relying presumably on that dexterity in the presentation of a case to which Dr. Simons has been paying a not entirely flattering tribute, succeeded in persuading his colleague to give at least a tepid blessing to a gathering he came prepared to curse, and Moscow has accordingly been told that the Allies agree to the holding of the London conference, but on the lines originally laid down at Spa.

So far, the prospects of a settlement may be said to have advanced. The proposed London conference would,

in the absence of deliberate obstruction or recalcitrance by one party or another, give an opportunity of clearing up, once for all, the whole situation east of the Oder. The Poles would be largely in the hands of the Allies, and any disposition by France to stiffen them up would be counteracted by what appears to be at last the fixed determination of Mr. Lloyd George to reduce them to reason. In that disciplinary process he would have the unqualified support of the Italians. What is at least as important, once representatives of the Soviet Government were admitted into conference on equal terms with delegates of the Allies, the question of recognition would be solved forthwith. The fact that the foolish and provocative ban on Litvinoff was withdrawn in the Spa Note is sufficient indication of the way the tide will trend at the London conference.

But from another point of view there is some danger that the last two or three Notes may have made a settlement actually more remote. Things do not look precisely the same from the angle of Moscow and the angle of Boulogne. The Bolsheviks are quite well aware of what to expect when they visit the Allied camp. The story of who proposed and who disposed in the matter of Prinkipo, and the Bullitt mission, and the Nansen feeding scheme, and the Polish offensive, is known a great deal better to Trotsky and Tchitcherin than it is to ninety-nine out of every hundred newspaper readers in Great Britain. And it is in the light of that humiliating history that Mr. Lloyd George's present efforts will be judged at Moscow. On one Tuesday Lord Curzon despatches a Note declaring that the British Government desires nothing but a good peace between Russia and Poland, whether negotiated directly or through a general conference in London. On the next, the Soviet Government having in the meantime granted an armistice with a view to opening direct negotiations, Mr. Lloyd George agrees with the French that there can be no London conference unless Russia consents to make her peace with Poland through that particular agency. "In order"—the Moscow Government would naturally comment—"that France may have the opportunity of throwing her weight into the scale in Poland's favor."

That would be a perfectly reasonable attitude for the Soviet Government to adopt. But it would be a regrettable attitude, and it may be hoped their decision will not follow those lines. The need for peace in Europe transcends every other consideration, and to secure firm peace in Europe, France as well as Britain, Rumania as well as Poland, Russia as well as Germany, must be associated in the settlement. Everyone who faces the facts candidly knows that the supreme obstacle to a Russian settlement to-day is France—for we have fully got the measure of our own anti-Bolsheviks, as they themselves at last realize. That is why it is important that France should be a participant in a general peace conference. If the principal subject on the agenda of that conference is Poland, France, as the Boulogne meeting indicates, will attend it. If Poland is off the agenda, what will the conference have to discuss? Manifestly the diplomatic relation of the Allies to Russia. That ought to be and must be discussed; but it is certain that France will not come to London or go anywhere else to discuss it. The London conference in that case would fall to the ground, for what this country has to arrange with Russia it can arrange through Messrs. Krassin and Kameneff.

It is optimism bordering on infatuation to hope anything of international conferences after the experience of the last eighteen months; but the mere fact of getting the Russians to a conference in London would be an

irrevocable step forward, just as the fact of getting the Germans to Spa meant an advance into a new sphere of thought and action. In particular, a Russia qualified to sit with the Western Powers in London would be a Russia qualified to sit as a member of the League of Nations. It may be difficult for Russia to view the situation immediately in that light; but it means yet more miseries for humanity if she refuses to see that her place also is in the League.

THE NEW GERMAN ECONOMIC COUNCIL.

PUBLIC attention in Germany has been so centred on the political situation and the Spa Conference during the last few weeks, that comparatively little interest has been taken in what was in reality an event in the history of Parliaments, namely, the convocation of the German Imperial Economic Council (Reichswirtschaftsrat), an advisory body of experts which is to work side by side with the Reichstag, and which will have considerable influence upon future legislation. The present Council, which held its first meeting in the former Prussian House of Lords in Berlin on June 30th, and met again last week to hear the Government report on the coal agreement concluded at Spa, is only provisional, since the organizations on which the Council provided for by Article 165 of the Weimar Constitution is to be built up, have yet to be formed. It will therefore not be entitled to submit bills to the Reichstag which have not been approved by the Government, or to bring forward proposals through one of its own members; but in all other respects it appears to have the same powers as the future Council for which it is to lay the foundations and prepare a franchise. This means that no draft bills of importance dealing with economic and social political questions can be introduced into the Reichstag by the Government without having first been submitted to it, and it is therefore of interest to study its composition and organization.

The Council consists of 326 members, from among whom a president, vice-chairman, seven deputy chairmen, and nine secretaries are elected, the distribution of seats among the various interests represented being as follows:—Agriculture and forestry, 68; horticulture and fishing, 6; industry, organized trade by trade on the same basis as commerce, banking, and insurance, 68; commerce, banking, and insurance, 44; railway and other communications, and public works, 34; handicrafts, 36; consumers, 30; officials and independent professions, 16. The remaining twenty-four seats are intended to be representative of the German people as a whole, twelve members being nominated by the Reichsrat (the German States Council), and twelve by the Government, in order to meet the objection that the representatives of group interests would naturally each make the interests of his own group the first consideration, whereas the object is to further the National interest. Three principal groups have been formed in the Council, Employers, Employees, and Consumers, each of these groups having the right to elect three of the chairmen and three of the secretaries from among its members. The president and vice-president are to be elected every six months, at the end of which time an employer is to be succeeded by an employee, and *vice versa*. The first president, chosen by the employers, was the Minister of Labor, Edler von Braun, while Legien, the Trade Union leader, was elected vice-chairman by the employees. It will be seen that ten groups of interests are represented in the Council. Of these the first six contain equal numbers of employers and employees, so

that they fall naturally into these two groups, while the remaining four, including the Reichsrat and Government nominees, form the somewhat heterogeneous and consequently less united group of consumers.

The idea of a Central Economic Council in which groups of interests should be represented in proportion to their economic and social importance, had its origin in the struggle between the Social Democrats and the extreme revolutionary Parties during the months succeeding the revolution, when it became evident that some concession must be made to the claim of the workers to control industry if the country was to be saved from anarchy and Bolshevism. The Weimar Constitution recognizes the principle that the workers have a right not only to combine for the protection of their own interests, but also to co-operate in the regulation of wages and other conditions affecting the process of production. It provides for the organization of District Workmen's and Factory Councils (*Betriebsräte*) on a legal basis, and on these it proposes to build up an Imperial Workmen's Council; it also establishes a corresponding organization of employers and others based on District Economic Councils. These parallel organizations will form the link connecting the foundations of the scheme with its superstructure, the Imperial Economic Council. Whether this new form of Parliament will justify its existence remains to be seen. In the meantime the provisional Council will co-operate with the Reichstag in preparing the organizations on which it is to be built up.

A feature which distinguishes the Imperial Economic Council from other Parliaments is that there will be comparatively few ordinary sittings. The work is to be done chiefly by Committees, of which the two most important, the Economic and the Social Political Committees, each consisting of thirty members, are to be standing institutions. It has also power to invite experts, who are not members of the Council, to attend and speak

at its meetings. Advantage was taken of this to request Stinnes and Huß to attend the debate on the coal agreement. Walther Rathenau, well known as an industrial magnate and a convinced Socialist, was also present as an expert. It is evident that deliberations held under these conditions must have considerable influence on the attitude of the Reichstag towards the subjects discussed. The Majority Socialist press shows signs of anxiety on this point, and urges that the priority given to the Council tends to transfer to it responsibility which properly belongs to the Reichstag. There can be no doubt that the course adopted by the Government in reporting to the Economic Council before asking the Reichstag to sanction the agreement signed by the delegates was strictly in accordance with the Constitution, and for the moment the President's emphasis of the fact that they were a body representative merely of economic interests, and were there to consider how the coal agreement could be carried out, not to discuss the Government's responsibility, may dispose of any question of friction between the two Parliaments, but it is not likely to allay the Socialist anxiety as to the possible future influence of the Council. The Independent Socialists insist that the Reichsrat and Government nominees on the Council are purely representative of industrial ownership, and that capital will consequently be stronger than labor. Apart from this, there is naturally considerable difference of opinion as to the relative importance of the interests represented, and evidently there has been some difficulty in adjusting the conflicting claims. Still, the experiment may be regarded as an honest endeavor to enable all classes to co-operate for the common welfare, and even those who object to any co-operation between capital and labor, as being a denial of class warfare, admit that, properly led, the new Parliament may do good work, if only in educating public opinion on the great economic problems of the day.

IMPRESSIONS OF BOLSHEVIK RUSSIA.

IV. TOWN AND COUNTRY.

THE problem of inducing the peasants to feed the towns is one which Russia shares with Central Europe, and from what one hears Russia has been less unsuccessful than some other countries in dealing with this problem. For the Soviet Government, the problem is mainly concentrated in Moscow and Petrograd; the other towns are not very large, and are mostly in the centre of rich agricultural districts. It is true that in the North even the rural population normally depends upon food from more southerly districts; but the northern population is small. It is commonly said that the problem of feeding Moscow and Petrograd is a transport problem, but I think this is only partially true. There is, of course, a grave deficiency of rolling-stock, especially of locomotives in good repair. But Moscow is surrounded by very good land. In the course of a day's motoring in the neighborhood, I saw enough cows to supply milk to the whole child population of Moscow, although what I had come to see was children's sanatoria, not farms. All kinds of food can be bought in the market at high prices. I travelled over a considerable extent of Russian railways, and saw a fair number of goods trains. For all these reasons, I feel convinced that the share of the transport problem in the food difficulties has been exaggerated. Of course transport plays a larger part in the shortage in Petrograd than in Moscow, because

food comes mainly from south of Moscow. In Petrograd, most of the people one sees in the streets show obvious signs of under-feeding. In Moscow, the visible signs are much less frequent, but there is no doubt that under-feeding, though not actual starvation, is nearly universal.

The Government supplies rations to every one who works in the towns at a very low fixed price. The official theory is that the Government has a monopoly of the food and that the rations are sufficient to sustain life. The fact is that the rations are not sufficient, and that they are only a portion of the food supply of Moscow. Moreover, people complain, I do not know how truly, that the rations are delivered irregularly; some say, about every other day. Under these circumstances, almost everybody, rich or poor, buys food in the market, where it costs about fifty times the fixed Government price. A pound of butter costs about a month's wages. In order to be able to afford extra food, people adopt various expedients. Some do additional work, at extra rates, after their official day's work is over. For, though there is supposed to be by law an eight-hours day, the wage paid for it is not a living wage, and there is nothing to prevent a man from undertaking other work in his spare time. But the usual resource is what is called "speculation," i.e.,

buying and selling. Some person formerly rich sells clothes or furniture or jewellery in return for food; the buyer sells again at an enhanced price, and so on through perhaps twenty hands, until a final purchaser is found in some well-to-do peasant or *nouveau riche* speculator. Again, most people have relations in the country, whom they visit from time to time, bringing back with them great bags of flour. It is illegal for private persons to bring food into Moscow, and the trains are searched; but, by corruption or cunning, experienced people can elude the search. The food market is illegal, and is raided occasionally; but as a rule it is winked at. Thus the attempt to suppress private commerce has resulted in an amount of buying and selling which far exceeds what happens in capitalist countries. It takes up a great deal of time that might be more profitably employed; and, being illegal, it places practically the whole population of Moscow at the mercy of the police. Moreover, it depends largely upon the stores of goods belonging to those who were formerly rich, and when these are expended the whole system must collapse, unless industry has meanwhile been re-established on a sound basis.

It is clear that the state of affairs is unsatisfactory, but, from the Government's point of view, it is not easy to see what ought to be done. The urban and industrial population is mainly concerned in carrying on the work of government and supplying munitions to the army. These are very necessary tasks, the cost of which ought to be defrayed out of taxation. A moderate tax in kind on the peasants would easily feed Moscow and Petrograd. But the peasants take no interest in war or government. Russia is so vast that invasion of one part does not touch another part; and the peasants are too ignorant to have any national consciousness, such as one takes for granted in England or France or Germany. The peasants will not willingly part with a portion of their produce merely for purposes of national defence, but only for the goods they need—clothes, agricultural implements, &c.—which the Government, owing to the war and the blockade, is not in a position to supply.

When the food shortage was at its worst, the Government antagonized the peasants by forced requisitions, carried out with great harshness by the Red Army. This method has been abandoned, but the peasants still part unwillingly with their food, as is natural in view of the uselessness of paper and the enormously higher prices offered by private buyers.

The food problem is the main cause of popular opposition to the Bolsheviks, yet I cannot see how any popular policy could have been adopted. The Bolsheviks are disliked by the peasants because they take so much food; they are disliked in the towns because they take so little. What the peasants want is what is called free trade, i.e., de-control of agricultural produce. If this policy were adopted, the towns would be faced by utter starvation, not merely by hunger and hardship. It is an entire misconception to suppose that the peasants cherish any hostility to the Entente. The "Daily News" of July 13th, in an otherwise excellent leading article, speaks of "the growing hatred of the Russian peasant, who is neither a Communist nor a Bolshevik, for the Allies generally and this country in particular." The typical Russian peasant has never heard of the Allies or of this country; he does not know that there is a blockade; all he knows is that he used to have six cows but the Government reduced him to one for the sake of poorer peasants, and that it takes his corn (except what is needed for his own family) at a very low price. The reasons for these actions do not interest him, since

his horizon is bounded by his own village. To a remarkable extent, each village is an independent unit. So long as the Government obtains the food and soldiers that it requires, it does not interfere, and leaves untouched the old village communism, which is extraordinarily unlike Bolshevism and entirely dependent upon a very primitive stage of culture.

The Government represents the interests of the urban and industrial population, and is, as it were, encamped amid a peasant nation, with whom its relations are rather diplomatic and military than governmental in the ordinary sense. The economic situation, as in Central Europe, is favorable to the country and unfavorable to the towns. If Russia were governed democratically, according to the will of the majority, the inhabitants of Moscow and Petrograd would die of starvation. As it is, Moscow and Petrograd just manage to live, by having the whole civil and military power of the State devoted to their needs. Russia affords the curious spectacle of a vast and powerful Empire, prosperous at the periphery, but faced with dire want at the centre. Those who have least prosperity have most power; and it is only through their excess of power that they are enabled to live at all. The situation is due at bottom to two facts: that almost the whole industrial energies of the population have had to be devoted to war, and that the peasants do not appreciate the importance of the war or the fact of the blockade.

It is futile to blame the Bolsheviks for an unpleasant and difficult situation which it has been impossible for them to avoid. Their problem is only soluble in one of two ways: by the cessation of the war and the blockade, which would enable them to supply the peasants with the goods they need in exchange for food; or by the gradual development of an independent Russian industry. This latter method would be slow, and would involve terrible hardships, but some of the ablest men in the Government believe it to be possible if peace cannot be achieved. If we force this method upon Russia by the refusal of peace and trade, we shall forfeit the only inducement we can hold out for friendly relations; we shall render the Soviet State unassailable and completely free to pursue the policy of promoting revolution everywhere. But this is a large subject, which is better reserved for a concluding article.

BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

I SHALL be interested in Mr. George's procedure, when it leaves the background of inference, and the back stairs of private negotiations, and comes into the open with a policy. That is the broad path of statesmanship, and it is a grave weakness of our politics that the Prime Minister was ever allowed to quit it. Nor do I quite understand why Mr. Thomas and the Labor Party, or the Labor Party and Mr. Thomas, should play bonnet to these performances of Mr. George. The Cabinet is the place in which policy is used to be framed; and Parliament is the instrument for declaring and moulding it. And if Mr. George expects an answering wind to blow from Ireland, he may whistle loud and long before it arrives. Ireland knows him well. He has done her more harm than any living man but Sir

Edward Carson (whom he appears to be preparing to desert). If he now has a mind to remedy the evil which he set up in 1914 (when he proposed to resign rather than coerce Ulster) and consummated two years later, he must choose afresh what master he proposes to serve. Meanwhile, there is always a way of approaching Sinn Fein. Mr. George can open the prison doors, and the Sinn Fein members can walk out.

POLITICAL Ireland, with the Parliamentary leadership of its being in gaol, what terms of delivery is it possible to arrange? "Arrangement" implies freedom. If Ireland cannot talk while her members are under lock and key, neither can she fix a Constitution while her lands are in occupation by the British Army. Only therefore, when the British soldier goes, does the reign of self-determination begin—that is to say, a larger self-determination for greater Ireland, a smaller one for the Ulster Protestant *enclave*—in the four (not the six) counties. If they like to remain attached to us for a period, let them do so. Or if, in the alternative solution, a real Ulster Parliament chooses to link on with a Southern Parliament, and to form, with it, an All Ireland Parliament, independent as was Grattan's, and adapted as his was not, to the politics and economics of modern inter-State life, she can have that form of settlement too. Not one fragment more will she get from the Labor Government which will be in power before very many months are over. Does she refuse? Then she will survive to see either the ruin of all Ireland or the disintegration of Orangeism at the hands of her own industrials.

As for Southern Ireland, the word Republic is, I am convinced, a *façon de parler*, a tactic of war. Offer Ireland her own judiciary, her own taxation, external and internal, her own police and national militia, her coasts, her railways, the care of her children, and if she wills, the creation of a flotilla for her coast defence, with the Imperial fleet and army for her protection from the next Germany that comes along, and I don't see a hectic Irish movement against an Anglo-Irish union—which gives the home Irishman all the liberty that the Canadian or the Australian one can claim. Who is against such a "policy?" Not one Englishman in three. Who would oppose to it a resumption of the old quarrel, conducted this time between an angry and determinedly hostile Imperial Power and a small and fearful Irish one? Not one National Irishman in a hundred. Impose a policy, and there is no peace. Propose a Treaty, and there are nearly a dozen solutions which almost equally satisfy the formula of a Republic and a Dominion.

MEANWHILE "G.B.S." sends me the following brief itinerary in Ireland, which may go down to history as a modern foot-note to Giralduus Cambrensis:—

"The people are pleasanter than ever: they seem to have had a weight taken off their minds. That weight must have been the presence of the police. Formerly I never strolled through an Irish country town or loitered on an Irish pier as a stranger without presently finding myself accosted tentatively by a police officer. These encounters were always agreeable enough, as I, knowing what was wanted, took occasion to mention my name, destination, date of arrival, business (or pleasure), apparently in a mere transport of incontinent communi-

cation, which was received with the proper blend of hospitable affability and distinguished consideration. But they always occurred; and they marked very significantly the difference between Ireland and every other country I had visited. In Ireland I was a suspected person (like everybody else); in England, though continually and furiously denounced by the Press as an enemy of mankind, I had to force myself on the attention of the police whenever, as a stranger, I could not find my way about.

"WELL, from the Dublin city boundary to the sea at the south-west corner of Ireland I did not see a policeman. On the road, motoring from Kenmare to Parknasilla, I passed a court-house and a police barrack. Both were burnt out. The once ubiquitous R.I.C. officer has vanished from the earth. He may be in plain clothes, he may be in hiding; he is, we know, in certain instances in his grave; but as far as the preservation of law and order is concerned, and as far as the eye can see, he is simply not there. And everything seems to go on just as well without him.

"I ASKED what would happen if I broke shop windows or fell on the passers-by and robbed them with violence. I was told that if the Sinn Fein volunteers saw me they would take me up and put me in prison for an appropriate period. I was assured that they had constables and officers and commissioners, and the like of that; and I inferred that I had better be careful. I behaved myself; and so did everyone else. The Castle proposes, it is said, to put an end to this state of things by suppressing the volunteers. How this is to be done by a force which has itself been suppressed is not clear; but the general disposition is not to worry, and sardonically to wish the Castle joy of its job.

"At all events Ireland is a capital place for a holiday. I do not recommend it to Imperially-minded Terrorists who have been too audibly urging the Castle to put its foot down, because the boot seems to be on the other foot; and the mountains hide Sinn Fein more effectually than even County Clubs hide its enemies; but to the average non-political Englishman I can promise a safe and enjoyable holiday, and the reputation, when he returns, of having dared to be a Daniel."

I HAVE my abode for a few days in a little cathedral town which enshrines one of the finest gems of our architecture and the most beautiful expression of the people's life and art. To it resort at this season of the year droves of British artizans whose fearful chariots go grinding through her streets, like Boadicea's through the ranks of the Romans. Some few stray into this garden of the soul, and wander listless (or half-drunk) through its flower-like chapels and chapter-house, little thinking that here the British workman left an undying memory of himself. I saw no one to take his successor over this hallowed ground, and tell him of the treasures that grew there. What sacrilege! I suppose a score or so people attend the daily services in the choir, and a few more on Sunday. But this Church belongs to England. In it is perhaps the most human and therefore the most democratic of all her greater fanes. How is it she cannot claim her inheritance? Let the administration of the English Cathedrals make its answer.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE SEED OF THE MAYFLOWER.

RETURNING from America this week, I find people here thinking a good deal about that country. There is the tercentenary of the Mayflower's departure from Southampton and Plymouth. There is the unveiling of Lincoln's statue in Parliament Square. And there is always Ireland. It is only three hundred years—only the added lifetimes of four oldish men—since the Mayflower carried some forty of the Brownists with their families (returning from their earlier refuge in Holland) to the new Plymouth beside Cape Cod, where now Portuguese from the Azores plough the sand into vegetable gardens. We all admire those Pilgrim Fathers. The picture of their prayerful landing is almost as familiar here as in Salem or Providence. We applaud their unflinching courage. We emulate their rebellious spirit. We envy the rigidity of their conscientious objections. It was but natural that the Lord Chancellor, as the highest representative of our Law, and equally renowned for his perfervid Protestantism, should be invited to deliver the oration in their honor near Southampton Dock. And after reading his speech, I recall to mind the tiny decimal fraction of their descendants whom I have recently known. The remembrance fills me with fresh amazement at those Fathers—at their rapid productivity (no stock—not even those who came over with the Conqueror—can claim so numerous a progeny); at their persistence in the face of difficulties and dangers for which they had made no preparation but prayer; and at their irresistible success.

In a well-known passage, Matthew Arnold observed that, however highly we may think of the Pilgrim Fathers, we may reflect that Virgil might not have enjoyed a particularly happy time as a passenger upon the Mayflower. That, of course, is true, though probably Virgil would not have felt any happier upon a modern liner. But after getting his "baggage" through the customs upon the quay at New York, how much he would now find to interest and please him among the numerous progeny of those grim Fathers, and among the swarming races whom their success has gathered round them! There he would see a city far surpassing the Rome of which he boasted—surpassing her in smoke and wealth and roar, in grandeur of beauty and loftiness of wall. There, as he gazed up Broad Street along "The Curb," where the money-seekers stand like those priests of Baal who yelled and howled and cut themselves in the frenzy of their worship, he would raise his eyes to building overtopping building as in a poet's vision of Ecbatana, and to towers compared with which the gates of Rome were toys. Below, the tiny swarms of men scurry and crush, but high above them, in clear air touched with white clouds of steaming furnaces, rise the cliffs and precipices of their handiwork. If architecture is the master art, the descendants of those Fathers have contrived artistic mastery beyond all other peoples. In twenty years New York will come nearer the ideal of a great city than Athens or Florence, and already, in comparison with her, London looks almost as mouldering and *passé* as Paris looks now.

But, as the Greek orator said, it is men that make the city and not walls, and among the men and women developed from those Fathers our Virgil on landing would find himself very well at home. The behavior of the people is marked by that charm of politeness and

modesty which we are sure was his. I like to think that much of this charm may be derived from the primitive Christianity of those Pilgrims—from their grave living, their indifference to temporal things; from minds fixed upon the eternal, and a sense of equality in the presence of God. But, whatever may be its source, the charm exists, and one feels it directly one touches the shore. In no country, not even in Ireland or India, have I found such heartfelt politeness and goodwill extended to unknown foreigners like myself. The readiness to help, to be of service, to consider your feelings, and make things easy and pleasant is widespread. It is almost universal, from the boot-polisher to the member of wealthy clubs. Why, even officials are polite, and appear to think that they too are there to give assistance instead of putting every hindrance in your way! Till you have experienced this universal courtesy, you could not believe how much more delightful it makes the common life of every day. To pass into the offices of Whitehall from the streets of New York is like passing from humanity into a wilderness of sick monkeys.

Akin to this courtesy, and perhaps also derived from men and women who thought themselves all the children of God, is a childlike and open-hearted disposition, very attractive, though the sophisticated may call it crude. It is childlike, but not like American children, who usually display the characteristics that we associate with old age, being querulous, greedy, self-absorbed, and rather timid. As they grow up, they invariably shake off these senile qualities and develop into young men and women, and then into old men and women, singularly simple-hearted, high-spirited, anxious to please, and themselves pleased with every fortune as it comes. It is a remarkable and blessed transfiguration, for which I can find no single cause, unless indeed it is really better in the end to allow children to bark and bite and be as disagreeable as nature made them, in the hope that so they may purge away their unamiable dispositions.

"This childlike habit may be all very charming," say our critics, "but you must admit it is crude!" I suppose one must. There is very little criticism in the States. In literature, there is hardly any. On Sundays the great masses of the people browse upon stuff that our children would reject as mental pig-wash. They appear to recognize no difference between the extraordinary and the commonplace. It is partly the fault of editors, so terrified of their advertisers that they dare not admit anything which passes beyond "standardized printed matter." But though in themselves the people retain the modesty of nice children or Pilgrim Fathers, they do take a pleasure in a rhetoric and fine writing at which even the readers of our most popular papers would laugh. For instance, in a leading article of a great New York paper—an article denouncing the "fraudulent slogan of politicians who wanted the nation's eternal obligation to our splendid young manhood which throttled the German shock troops in their tracks to be paid off in paltry dollar bills"—in that recent article one read:—

"Our battalions of youth, courage, and daring never went to the front for Hessian hire. Their services never can be appraised as cloth is measured with a yardstick, or even as fine gold is weighed on a balancing scale. The account never can be settled out of the cash drawer. If we are to continue as the nation for which millions offered and thousands gave their lives, the account will stand, and stand proudly, till Gabriel blows his trump."

Another queer result of this childlike nature, accepting things without criticism or question, is that an audience will silently drink in a lecture so crammed with

nonsense and mistakes that one might expect the very walls to cry out. There was no interruption, no violence in the course of any lecture I have heard, and even at the end it is not the custom for the lecturer to elicit a question or discussion, though questions and discussions are the only object and service of lectures, as every professor ought to know. Somewhat similar is a peculiarity of the American advertisement. If you want what we might call "serious writing" and the Americans call "deep stuff," you must go to the advertisements of a weekly paper. For instance, I have before me a page from a paper that prints two million copies a week. It is headed "The Truth that embodies all Truth," and after a long discourse upon the meaning of Truth it concludes: "This is the Truth that embodies all Truth; this is the Truth that makes men free." But for a note cocked in at the bottom of the page, no one would suppose that this philosophic discourse was an advertisement for a motor car company. Where, then, is Callisthenes? Where is our friend of Pope and Bradley?

There is, to be sure, a darker side to this easy-going, childlike and uncritical disposition. It is the darkest and most dangerous side of United States history at the present time. I mean, of course, the uncritical conservatism, and the uncritical obedience to authority. If men fear death as children fear to go into the dark, the mass of the American people fear change in the same manner. Their rigid conservatism springs partly from rooted respect for George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, but chiefly it springs from fear. Their Constitution is obviously obsolete, but if you hint at reform, they shudder. They see Red in every change, and every strike fills them with panic. In panic the Government charges about from one injustice to another, and the people patiently bear its wild vagaries. There is no concentrated indignation. There is hardly a whisper of protest. The authority of the State—that is, of a few men who, by one means or another, have got themselves appointed to official positions—goes unresisted and almost uncriticized, like the authority of parents in a nursery. But where there is no resistance to injustice and hardly any public criticism the State itself is in danger, and that way lies the madness which all officials and editors and owners of property are beginning to fear as men fear the end of the world.

That subject is too vast even to be glanced at now. I will only say that in my experience, limited to the Eastern and Central States, but varied and including most classes, I found the American exactly opposite to his reputation among ourselves. He is thought to be ill-mannered, discourteous, brazenly boastful, grasping, oversharp in business, free, inclined to change, rebellious, and fearless of the future. I found him exquisitely polite, obliging almost to excess, so modest that he accepted as Evangelists lecturers who in England would be received with mockery, so careless of business that he does not persuade his innumerable "stenographers" even to answer a letter, and so far from liberty-loving or rebellious that he allows himself without protest to be ruled by second-rate men and by a police system almost as vile as the Russian or German before the revolutions. Grace and friendly charm are the dominant characteristics, and one likes, as I said, to trace them to those vaunted Fathers. But from the Fathers, too, perhaps, are derived submission to paternal government, and uncritical obedience to authority such as they gave to the "Word of God."

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

ROUND ABOUT RHEIMS.

THE thesis of a very striking paper read recently by Mr. W. E. Campbell, of Downside College, at a meeting in London, was that the journey of humanity on earth was not so much a progress as a procession. The Christian point of view could not be more clearly or concisely put. To see the point, however, one must understand that a procession is not merely to walk up or down an aisle. It is the making of a circuit. It returns to its starting point. The Italian equivalent of our "Curses come home to roost" is "Curses are like processions, they return to the spot from which they set out." "The spirit shall return to God who gave it." Let us suppose a procession, say, on Ascension Day. It leaves the High Altar, goes all round the great church, or perhaps in some favored place leaves the church and goes through the streets of the town, re-enters the church and returns to the Altar again. "I came forth from the Father, and am come unto the world; again I leave the world and go to the Father." A true theologian preaching at such a beautiful function would say, one supposes, something like this: that our Lord came into the world and made the procession of human life, representing to man at every step of the way, and by every word and action, the justice, the understanding and the love of God, and that now returned there whence He came, He represents to God the goodness, the suffering and the sacrifice of man—the goodness at least possible to him, his suffering (as in this war), his sacrifice (as in the war), and the possibilities at least to which that sacrifice may lead; that He has taken with Him, too, all the treasure gathered in His earthly pilgrimage, the love of His Mother and all mothers, the artlessness and grace of little children, the simple affectionateness of Mary Magdalene, the large-hearted nobility of the thief. He would point out that human history is not stagnation, nor a mere endless progression to an indefinite goal, but motion, and motion homeward, the fulfilment of the perfect circle, and that we return to as

"We come
From God who is our home."

The standing objection to Christianity—the force of which everyone must have felt at times—is that it is something fixed, something by its very definition final, and therefore something which must inevitably be passed by and left behind by a world engaged in a never-ending progress. The idea of progress, moreover, to which we have become accustomed, is at any rate for the most part that of a material progress, a greater command of the forces of nature, a greater facility of attaining comfort and riches. It is concerned, at any rate for the great majority of its devotees, very little with spiritual things. When progress is so conceived, we need not wonder that it seems that the things that are outgrown, that have been left behind, may very well be destroyed. As we all know, this is what happened to the cathedral of Rheims. One turns the pages of Mr. Ernest Williams's translation of the Bishop of Dijon's book, "The Cathedral of Rheims" (published by Kegan Paul), and says, as one looks at the scenes of ruin, "This is what modern progressive civilization did with it, this is what it made of it." But, one asks: If it had come unscathed through the war, what would have remained for it on the progressive theory but with the lapse of time to have been left ever more hopelessly behind, to have become more utterly meaningless and dead? Its actual martyrdom might almost seem a better fate than this. But if mankind is thought of as making a procession, the Cathedral of Rheims, with its vast population of statues, may be regarded as the symbol, not of course the complete symbol, but a great living and sufficing symbol of the

treasure gathered by mankind in the course of its pilgrimage (a treasure which is constantly being added to), which it jealously preserves and carries with it and presents at its journey's end.

Take the statues among which such havoc has been made. In the work of the old *imagiers* of Rheims there is the representation of all man's life and effort on the earth. There is the beautiful figure of King David playing the harp; that is Music. (This statue is unharmed.) The Queen of Saba, now mutilated and headless, is travel, exploration, the desire of knowledge, the quest of wisdom. The figure of the Law of Christ holding out to man the cup of joy and blessing has been entirely destroyed. The Angel who smiled at St. Nicaise the Martyr—the figure known as "The Smile of Rheims"—may typify all influences that help man to endure, everything that holds before him in suffering the thought of an unearthly joy. The figure of Christ as a Pilgrim—that favorite theme of medieval art—with his broad-brimmed hat for shelter from sun and rain, going to Emmaus or perhaps to Compostella, his good bourdon and stout shoes, has also perished.

All this destruction was the work of people who conceived of human history as an endless progression to an indefinite goal. An immediate aim of material aggrandisement was what was really thought of, and whatever stood in its way was ruthlessly swept aside. How the thought of the building of Rheims Cathedral, the carving and the setting up of all those statues, affects the mind! The thought of its destruction affects the mind, too, but in a different way. How different, for the matter of that, is the effect upon the mind of the setting up of something significant, from that produced by those insignificant and trivial installations of, say, gas, electric light, electric heating and the like, which go on endlessly in our own day. The insignificant is something which is merely material, which will and must inevitably be superseded by the very working of the forces which have produced it. One would give much to escape any contact with installations of this kind. One avoids the work and the workmen. But the writer found himself recently watching with breathless interest the setting up of the three figures, the Crucifix, St. Mary, and St. John, on the rood beam of an ancient and beautiful parish church. Here was something intensely significant, and, so it seemed, not to be superseded, at any rate without irreparable loss. Here was something coming directly from Calvary, an echo of Calvary, sounding clearly and distinctly after two thousand years in an English market town on market day. Here were the workmen's tools—the ladder, the nails, the pincers—no longer common workaday things, but the very tools one sees in the pictures of the Passion. As they raised the Crucifix to its place the workmen chatted gaily, and one of them, a mere boy, whistled a bird-like fluting tune. This was the unconcern of the soldiers, but softened, harmonized, reconciled, a part of the Tragedy that has so long itself become a Reconciliation. One other spectator besides the writer, a boy from a watchmaker's shop, watched the scene with an alert, fascinated attention. On his face and the faces of the workmen was the look of eager curiosity and interest, the look that artists have, the look that comes from designing and making and ornamenting things. One imagines there was a very different look on the faces of the officers who ordered and the soldiers who executed the bombardment of Rheims. A clock ticked in the church like a clock ticking in Eternity. As the work was completed and the figures stood up in their places the chimes in the tower broke out like a benediction.

During the war it was to many of us a constant nightmare that the churches of Europe, the art of Europe,

the old beautiful life of Europe was being destroyed. It was grief unspeakable to see these things perishing before our eyes. The churches seemed to stand up like fragments of a vanished world amid a rising tide of squalid barbarism that threatened altogether to submerge them. Their bells rang out a pathetically unheeded message over the wastes of blood-stained mud. They had become antiquities, relics of a distant and ever-receding Past. The Present was filled with the most violent contradiction of that to which they witnessed. As to the old homely life of Christendom, one feared that it was swept away for ever. One may get a glimpse of that life in a corner of Europe, say, in the novels of Fernan Caballero. There was a rhyme about the different hours at which the followers of the various *métiers* got up in the morning. The pilgrim had an early start, and was on his way, if we remember, by five. One does not remember much about the plots of the stories, but the characters were delightful. There was the limping village schoolmaster with big ears, very erudite and with a heart of gold, who told his scholars that in true Castilian one must only use the adjective *santo* in connection with the pure things of God without earthly admixture, such, we suppose, as the Holy Office. One must not say, for instance, *santa libertad*. He also impressed upon them that according to all the Fathers it was not the greatness of the suffering but the goodness of the cause that made the martyr. The conversation of the generality was of a less elevated character. The inn-keeper told his wife with good reason that she had a wasp's nest in her mouth, and that every time she opened it a wasp flew out and stung some one. All these people filled the churches of Castile and Leon. They talked a very idiomatic vernacular. It would be said that some one had gone *sin decir ni chuz ni miez*. They believed with simplicity. The answer to the question as to who had been seen in the town would very likely be that "His Divine Majesty was going to the Alcalde's." It is a world one would have liked to have lived in.

Above all one felt a great pity for the churches of Europe. One saw them ruined and mutilated in France and Belgium, despoiled in Germany, where bells and bronze statues (as at Innsbruck) were melted to be re-cast as cannon. It seemed that after the war they could only exist as forlorn ghosts in such a world as the war would have made it. One thought of all those visions of splendor one had had in France. Amiens, the first sight of Rouen, Chartres, that huge Druid cave filled with colored light, that great jewel set in a radiance of incredible blue. What will be the future fate of the churches of Europe? They contain vast treasures of art. If the people turn away from them disillusioned by the powerlessness of Christianity to save them from the horror of the war, or identifying it with the system that is the cause of their misery, or still bent on pursuing the path of materialism, or for whatever cause, will they become merely museums? The Church of San Pietro in Perugia, disused and secularized (or almost entirely so—we believe Mass is still said at a single altar) is a perfect treasure house of marvellous things. But it is lifeless. The whole impression it gives is a sad one. Nothing on earth is sadder than a desecrated church.

Monseigneur Landrieux discusses the future of Rheims. Whatever restoration is possible will no doubt be accomplished. It will be restored too as a church, not as a museum. There is a further hope which must fill the minds of all men of goodwill, and that is that the restored Cathedral will be not the shrine of a narrow and bitter nationalism, nursing and keeping alive the fires of an undying hatred and revenge, but the temple of an international religion, the joy and pride of the whole

brotherhood of peoples. It is sad to find Monseigneur Landrieux writing, "It will be easy to re-make these figures without recourse to the replicas at Bamberg, even if it be admitted, as some contend without proof, that the Master of Bamberg is our Gaucher de Reims." Many Frenchmen, Poles, and Spaniards manage to combine their Catholicism with a fanatical nationalism which is, although they do not see it, its very antithesis. Surely the collaboration in the restoration of all the skill and knowledge available among both victors and vanquished, injured and injurers would be a thing of happy omen for the new Europe that we hope for, where the peoples are not merely madly racing one another for wealth, not merely "forging ahead," but joining together in a great and solemn procession, of which the opening words of the ritual are "Let us go forth in Peace." "*Procedamus in Pace*." Then the great church, like the Crucifix itself, would be the symbol, not so much of a Tragedy, as of a Reconciliation.

R. L. G.

MUSIC.

THE LATER STRAVINSKY.

ONE of Stravinsky's admirers spoke recently of his "pointillism," and as a description of his method the term is perhaps as good as any single term could be. Let us for the moment defer consideration of Stravinsky's artistic and emotional aims—his "humor," "irony," "objectivity," and so forth—and concentrate our attention on the actual method of composition he employs; in other words, let us see what kind of noise he makes, and how he makes it. To say that he is interested in harmony might cause misconception; let us put it rather that he is interested—extremely interested—in discord, but never in abstract discord; discord, for him, is always associated with timbre. Each constituent of each discord receives its proportionate measure of emphasis, and the timbre assigned to it, one feels, is chosen with a careful eye—or, rather, ear—for this proportion. If, for instance, he wants to use the combination E—b flat—f—g' flat—c", he will not present it as a homogeneous five-part chord; he may emphasize the acute discords E—f—g' flat, or the easier discord b flat—c", or again he may give prominence to one of the concordant intervals, and the instrumentation of the chord will be chosen accordingly. Sometimes, it may be, the process is reversed, and the chordal constituents chosen with a view to reinforce the special effect of some peculiar instrumental combination; in either case, the result is a curious fusion, so to speak, of instrumental and harmonic color, so that what one has been accustomed to regard (with certain reservations) as two distinct elements are now presented to the consciousness of the listener as a single compound, scarcely capable of analysis. Other composers have not been blind to the interaction of harmony and timbre; Palestrina, for instance, is extraordinarily sensitive to the variety of effect obtainable by altering the spacing of the simple concords, and by distributing their constituents amongst a constantly changing selection from the vocal registers at his disposal. And, to come back to our own times, Gustav Holst uses his incomparable knowledge of the orchestra to much the same purpose. But for them color, the peculiar fusion of harmonic and tonal quality of which we have been speaking (and for which our language has no proper word) is merely an extra weapon in their armory, whereas, for Stravinsky, it appears actually to furnish the principle—or, more accurately, the method—of composition. One finds in his later work no trace of any harmonic system, no regard for tonality, nor for any formal canons of structure or thematic development. The effect of his music, as heard, is that of a rapid succession, not so much of sounds, as of noises, the precise quality of each noise being calcu-

lated to a nicety, so far as itself is concerned, but without logical reference to that of the preceding or subsequent noises. The configuration of the melodic line is often clearer to the eye on paper than it is to the ear in actual performance: its relation to the underlying harmonies, or discords, is purely one of superposition. Very often it is merely the uppermost of a number of independent figures or patterns that are being worked simultaneously by different members of different instrumental groups, and even when it is more definitely melodic in character, its intervals are too perverse, its angles too capricious, for it to exercise any controlling influence on the structure of the music as a whole. Its components are themselves unrelated by any discoverable bond of cohesion, no more bound organically one to another than they are to the discords which accompany them.

Inevitably, then, the music exists as a succession of isolated sound-units, referable to one another only in terms of tonal contrast, and the corresponding result for the listener is, provisionally, a series of sense-perceptions which the mind is unable to unify. It is therefore not unfair to use the term "pointillism" in connection with such a method, for this method of composition in sound has an obvious affinity to the pointillist method of composition in paint. Let us try to press the comparison a little further. A discussion of the artistic value of pointillism can safely be left to the art critics, but everyone who has been into a picture gallery knows what such pictures look like. Seen from close at hand they appear simply as unrelated daubs and smears of paint of varying sizes and colors; step further and further away, and the relationship of smear to smear, of daub to daub, grows gradually clearer until the whole thing becomes palpably a lady with a fan, a bed of geraniums, a piece of cold salmon and cucumber, or whatever it may be. Everyone can find out for himself the exact distance at which, to his eye, the transformation takes place, and can view the picture at his leisure from that particular spot. But in music no analogous adjusting of position is possible; a piece of music is heard always as a succession of sounds in time, and if the mind is to apprehend the succession as logical and coherent, it must be organized in conformity with certain principles that the mind can recognize. Language, of course, has had to face the same problem, and the principles of organization in the two cases—speech and music—have a good deal in common, the component parts of a musical structure—the clauses, periods, movements, cadences, and so forth—bearing a close resemblance to the sentences, paragraphs, chapters, verses, stanzas, cantos, or whatever they may be, of a composition in prose or verse. Some may suggest that this is due to the fact of music and speech having been, from earliest times, so closely associated with each other. This is putting the cart before the horse; the association of music and speech is rather the outcome of their mutual affinity than the cause of it. Music may have followed the line of least resistance; there have been periods, even in the history of comparatively modern music—the thirteenth century, for instance—when it undoubtedly did so, but it would hardly have submitted to a perpetual violation of its own true laws of development. It is both more reasonable on *a priori* grounds and more accordant with history to believe that if speech and music evolved to a large extent on similar lines it is because they are confronted, of their very nature, by the same problem of organization, *i.e.*, how to present to the mind as a unity that which is given to the senses only as a succession, that is to say as a manifold. The problem of the plastic arts is altogether different, and their principles of development have necessarily been established on completely independent lines. When, therefore, one finds a composer disregarding every known principle of musical structure, and applying to composition a method comparable only to that of a certain school of painting (and a discredited school at that, so they tell me), one is prepared, if results are poor, to challenge the method outright. And having found all the later Stravinsky works with which I am acquainted completely incoherent, that is what I have to do, unless I prefer to evade the critical issue altogether, and say that Stravinsky has invented a musical idiom that I cannot

follow, or something of that kind. To my mind such an attitude savors of cowardice rather than modesty; the plain fact as I see it is that the Stravinsky method is wrong in theory and unworkable in practice.

Such a conclusion is supported by the whole course of this composer's development, which can best be described as one of progressive degradation. "Petrouchka" has been overrated by the disciples, but there is a lot of humanity in the little work, and that is why it is still alive. Since "Petrouchka," the human element in Stravinsky's work has been gradually eliminated, and an entire pre-occupation with the trivial, the brutal, and the grotesque has taken its place. And the technical counterpart of all this is found in the exclusive employment of the method I have been trying to describe. It is natural to infer that Stravinsky finds this method suitable for portraying the emotions and demeanor of clowns, puppets, buffoons, animals, savages, and so forth, but for no other purpose. Whether it was devotion to the method that determined his preference for this type of subject-matter, or whether it was the antecedent mental perversity that sought and found a congenial perversity of technique, is hard to determine. The point is that the two perversities, the technical and the spiritual, now appear to be quite ingrained in him, and it is hard to believe that he will give us any more work of durable value. "Pribaoutki" and the "Berceuses du Chat" may serve as a joke, but such jokes are becoming rather stale, and we have the uneasy feeling that Stravinsky and his admirers desire them to be taken seriously. Ten minutes or so of this kind of thing is enough; after that the ear refuses to be intrigued, the attention wanders, and when it comes back it is only to meditate gloomily on the futility of music that has no rhythmic balance and no structural cohesion. The most interesting topic of thought that afternoon was really provided by the concert-giver, M. Ansermet, so obviously sincere, so obviously intelligent, yet so obviously a disciple. I can solve Stravinsky easily enough, but I cannot solve M. Ansermet.

R. O. MORRIS.

Short Studies.

THE POET'S WIFE.

HER SON was determined to ally himself with a woman of whom she could not approve. The woman was common, loud, without delicacy of any kind. She possessed, it was true, a fierce energy and a coarse beauty of form that might appeal to a savage. But he was not a savage. He was a high-strung, sensitive creature. And he had been permanently crippled. His mother withdrew in bitter disappointment.

She went to live by herself at a quiet country place. He wrote at intervals as if nothing untoward had happened. He sent her verses—he had always been in the habit of sending her verses. He told her he thought of trying a poultry-farm.

One day the coarse woman appeared again. She said, "What a long walk it is from the station! Tired me, even."

"May I ask . . . ?"

"Of course you may ask. Look here, I'm your daughter-in-law."

"I thought you might be."

"Felix wanted someone to look after him. He said he would wait till you came round. I said 'Nonsense, you might be a hell of a time doing that.' So we toddled off and did the trick. That's why I'm here."

"I can send you back to the station."

"Eh?"

"I mean, that you need not have the fatigue of walking."

"Very kind."

"But I am not going to . . ."

"Right-O. Let's have tea."

The woman talked at tea. "Felix takes quite an

interest in cocks and hens. Funny! You would laugh to see him hobbling up and down his old orchard. On a slope, you know, and good trees—so he says. I'm bored to death half the time. But he is a gentle sort of bird. He'll reconcile me. And, then, I'll have another domestic occupation by-and-bye. See?"

"Does Felix suffer much?"

"You may well ask. I can't think why they performed that damned operation at the Pensions' Hospital. It's done no good. Bally piece of shell somewhere still, I think. My God, he sits tight and hangs on to my arm till I'm bruised. Still, there it is."

"He sends me his verses."

"Oh, yes. He's a poet all right. He tells the naked truth about life, does Master Felix. No, I don't mean anything nasty. He's got too sweet a mind. He's just simple and direct. Oh, yes, he's a poet. And I'm his wife."

"I am Felix's mother. I should know . . ."

"Oh, yes, you should."

"You infer that I do not?"

"Not a bit."

"Do you love my son?"

"Love him? I've told you. Don't you thrill at being a grandma? You mustn't be put off. You ought to have your share in your own son's child. You'd feel horrid about it if you stayed here and never saw him—or her. Which do you think it will be? My God, I am interested. . . . Don't be put off. Swallow me for the kid's sake. Felix must swallow a lot. But, then, you see, he can grip me as hard as he likes when he's in pain. And, bless you, I can lift him and carry him upstairs. I can do anything for him. I'm not squeamish at all. So he swallows what there is to swallow for the sake of the—rest."

She stood up. She was a formidable figure of a woman. There was a smile upon her face as if she gloried in her strength. Then, swiftly, abruptly, she took Felix's mother in her arms and said, "Don't cry, old dear. We shall get on very well."

A. A. B.

Communications.

THE REFRESHMENT ROOM AT NARVA.

REVAL, ESTHONIA, July 3rd, 1920.

NARVA is the first station in Esthonia, as you come from Soviet Russia. I had been already two days and two nights in the train—gradually consuming a very tough sausage of the German type, with some cheese and black bread. I had regretfully watched my sausage diminish to a bare stump.

And here was the first refreshment room I had seen for two months! Nice cold fillets of fish, and slices of ham, and delicious clean brown bowls of sour milk—and if you liked to wait, lovely hot veal cutlets of gigantic size. The whole of my *bourgeois* instincts rose up in rejoicing. Here was the normal type of civilized life.

And now that I am at Reval, I find that all the rest is of a piece with it. The shops are full of a (to me) bewildering variety of wares. All is as it should be. The men drink alcohol; the women wear stays; the horses wear bearing reins. It is the old familiar thing again.

But is it the right thing? How many share in it? A goodly number certainly, who in one way or another, like myself, have got hold of the requisite purchasing power. But what of the countless ones to whom the refreshment room is as remote and inaccessible as it is to the dweller in Soviet Russia—to whom the brilliant shops of capitalist cities are merely a show, and not a thing that they ever expect to enter upon and enjoy? What of the innumerable submerged, packed away out of sight behind the glaring main streets?

Here in Reval yesterday, poking about the back streets, I met a woman, a widow, who earns 23 marks a

day in a factory. She pays 12 marks of this for bread, and 8 for milk, each day. Does *she* ever go into the Wiru Ulitza to buy in the shops there? Certainly not—the three remaining marks out of her 23 will not run to that. If the Wiru and all its shops were to disappear to-morrow it would make no difference whatever to her, either for good or ill. She has nothing to do with it.

Reval, though it would strike you in the West as a very one-horse show, seems to me a place of unexampled splendor. And what strikes me most of all is the strangely disproportionate part of the social effort which is devoted, even in a town like this, where most people would say there is no luxury at all, to producing and conveying and selling the comforts of one class—a large class, it is true, but not an all-inclusive class.

Some of us have said that a social transformation was possible. Did we really mean it? The Russian Communists have taken it literally, and engaged in the effort at a moment of history which, by its confusion and collapse, gave them the opportunity, but which at the same time was the worst possible moment for the experiment from the point of view of production. If they have not exalted those of low degree in the sense of giving them more to eat than before, they have certainly put down the mighty from their seat. And this was enough to make the world outside fall upon them with horse, foot and artillery, and fortify their internal enemies by every available device. We have forced them to employ many odious means to maintain their footing—and then abused them for employing these means.

My feeling at the moment, on emerging from the great human experience I have passed through, is that there is something almost impudent about a minute investigation into the errors and crimes that have accompanied the Revolution. We contemplate a man whom we have denounced as an outlaw (without knowing anything about him except from his enemies)—bound in fetters, tortured by prolonged hunger, and compelled to dwell among tombs—and we dissect his faults. He may fairly retort upon us—"In God's name let me alone; take off my chains; let me supply myself with food by my labor; remove your ban upon me until you know something about me; and then see what I can do."

When I think of the colossal effort that is being made, the tragic conditions of the experiment, the feverish atmosphere of excitement, of elation, of depression, now one and now the other, which has surrounded it, I feel that I cannot isolate the machinery of the Revolution from the human elements that play round it and make, mar, or modify it. I think of the nervous suspicions generated by months of internal conspiracy. I think of the heroic patience and endurance of the Russian town populations. I cannot examine this people as if they were beetles or butterflies.

And there is another side to the matter. Why do we not investigate and criticize *ourselves*? Here is Esthonia, for instance. Evidently it is not everybody who thinks that all is well. Three days ago took place the trial of some 20 or 30 Communists. They were, in fact, members of the Executive of the Trade Unions. Two were sentenced to death; eleven to imprisonment for life, or for long terms. On the day of the trial, a general strike took place, as a protest. Cavalry and infantry paraded the streets, to keep order. No newspapers, except an official sheet, have appeared since. Now there may be nothing to criticize here. The offence may have been great, the trial fair; I have not been able to check the facts. All I know is that I have heard horrifying tales of persecution. But why does nobody investigate the matter? The Communists here are regarded with exactly the same suspicion and vague terror as the counter-revolutionaries in Soviet Russia. If this was in Russia, and the trial was a trial of counter-revolutionaries, the air would be thick with accusations. Correspondents would be describing the arrest of the prisoners, the sufferings of their wives and families, their innocence, their fine behavior, the procedure of the court, the brutal indifference of the judges, the savagery of the sentences. The "Morning Post" representative in Reval sends full accounts of what he thinks is going

on in Moscow. Why does it never occur to him to ask what is going on in the next street in Reval?

Mind you, I have no evidence that Esthonia is worse than any other country. It is a mere accident that it is the first country I come into on leaving Russia. My point is simply that if any capitalist State were to be subjected to the minute examination which Soviet Russia is now undergoing at the hands of numerous delegations it would certainly be found far from perfect. But it is not thought necessary to examine it at all.

CHARLES RODEN BUXTON.

Letters to the Editor.

THE DISCOVERY OF IRELAND.

SIR.—In your article on "The Discovery of Ireland," signed by Felix Morley, you make charges or suggestions of British misconduct which seem to me not justified. You speak of Ireland's shamefully neglected mineral resources and of railways laid out on strategic rather than useful lines. If Ireland's mineral resources have been neglected, it has been by the Irish who, if these resources existed, might have developed them. Such mineral resources have been developed in this country, not by the Government, but by private enterprise, which might have done the same in Ireland.

So, too, Irish railways have been promoted by companies, and the Government is not responsible for the way they have been laid out.

Again, you speak of the Sinn Fein policy of emancipating the agricultural laborer from the tenant farming or landless condition which is traditional in the English land system. The history of Irish agricultural legislation by the Government and Parliament of the United Kingdom shows how much has been done to convert the unsecured tenant into a freeholder, and if less has been done for the laborer it is largely owing to the unwillingness of the Irish farmer, who has reaped the benefits of that legislation, to extend some of its advantages to the laborer. At the same time, large help has been given from the State to the housing of the laborer, and the administration of the law has been left in the hands of local elective bodies. As to organizing landless men and uneconomic holders, it is notorious that in the administration of the congested districts the Commissioners have been hampered by the opposition of localities where land was available to the settlement there of what were considered foreigners—that is to say, people who might be living twenty or thirty miles off. There are plenty of blots in the map of Irish progress, but many of them are owing to the Irish themselves, and certainly for many years public money has not been grudged for the advancement of Ireland. But to take one illustration of how Ireland's progress has been hampered: there is Irish education. There you have schools despotically managed under clerical control, and with practically the whole cost paid for from Imperial taxation, and yet a continual demand for more money with no proposal for local contribution, and a blank refusal by the clerical forces, which are now supreme, to admit any form of local lay representation in the management. And when Belfast, and other places where Protestantism has a majority, ask for power, such as English School Boards possessed, to rate themselves and establish and manage their schools, this is resisted and prevented by that part of Ireland where public opinion is directed and determined by the Roman Catholic Church.

I do not question that we have much to answer for in our past government of Ireland, and it may be that our wrongdoing of the past has made it impossible to-day to be associated with the Irish people in co-operation to bring about a change for the better. But I think a false impression is created if we tax England with defects for which England is not responsible, and if we continue to assume the pose of Tom Moore and see on the one side Erin and virtue, on the other the Saxon and guilt.—Yours, &c.,

SHEFFIELD.

14, Devonshire Street, W. 1. July 11th, 1920.

THE SPA CONFERENCE.

SIR,—Your correspondent who has been contributing interesting articles on the Spa Conference concludes in your last issue with a summary on which I hope you will allow me to make one or two remarks. He describes himself as "pro-Ally," and admits that the "mentality of peace" has yet to return. He thus very correctly shows that we are still waging war on Germany, and it is therefore necessary to be pro-Ally and anti-German; the attitude adopted by the Allies in conference is that of conquerors still intent on demolishing a foe who has the impertinence to show signs of life but to whom the *coup de grâce* has still to be given. However, "the Allies would let them live." This is very magnanimous, and I am not sure it is entirely accurate as applied to all the Allies. He then says: "At the same time it was necessary to impress them with the fact that they have been defeated in a war of their own making." The Germans are luxuriating in such prosperity and in such political and economic stability that they require to be roused from their self-complacency and specially reminded that they have been defeated in the war! The war, too, was "of their own making." The idea that Germany alone sprung the war on the pacific, innocent, unsuspecting, and unprepared nations of Europe was a most useful bit of claptrap for war-time, but I fear it won't go down now. But your correspondent is perfectly right. This is the basic idea of the Treaty of Versailles and of all subsequent negotiations with Germany. The motive and intention is punishment. You can certainly have punishment or you can have peace. But let no one suppose you can have both. If Germany is prosperous and not feeling any particular need of food or coal, then your correspondent is quite right in suspecting them of bad faith and evasion.

But what are the facts? I speak as one who has not heard of or read of but *seen* the condition of the German people. Malnutrition has reduced the urban population to a state of mental and psychological dejection bordering on despair. Frankfurt, for instance, had the appearance of a town over which some terrible spell had been cast—people with sickly faces, unable to hurry, to laugh, or to smile, listlessly passing along to their work, if they had any. When one ate the bread, tried to drink the acorn or bean coffee, and noticed the price of meat one was not surprised. No child over four gets any milk in Germany; tuberculosis is still on the increase; rickets is very common. In Berlin a thousand students are being given a daily meal by the Quakers, the only meal they get; many are without underclothing. The middle and professional classes are in a state of desperate want. So far as economic conditions are concerned, unemployment is increasing to a dangerous extent; industry is largely at a standstill for want of coal and raw material. The plenteous food in the neutral States on their borders is, because of economic barriers and the exchange, beyond their reach.

Politically, the Government is in a very unstable position; an outbreak from the Reds, or from the reactionaries, is feared almost every week. There is an absence of authority combined with a widespread, dull, sullen discontent.

I agree, it is useless to talk of sentiment, magnanimity, or compassion. I have long given up the hope that we shall ever behave again like gentlemen. But let us take it purely from the point of view of self-interest. Is it to our interest or the interest of France or anyone in Europe that Central Europe should be reduced to and sedulously preserved as a seed-bed for disease and a nursing ground for revolutions, and deprived of all hope of economic recovery? Personally, I think not. I believe our prosperity depends on the prosperity and not the ruin of other nations, and the sooner every nation can recover the better. Your correspondent disagrees. He actually says: "the Allies do not wish recovery to come too quickly; and I believe they are right in this." He certainly reflects the spirit and purpose of the Allies with great fairness, and, I may add, apparently, with entire sympathy. Curiously enough, I believe Mr. Lloyd George is beginning to see rather further. The Revision of the Peace Treaty has begun and the Spa Conference has therefore justified itself.—Yours, &c.,

ARTHUR PONSONBY.

Shulbrede Priory, Haslemere. July 26th, 1920.

FILMS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

SIR,—Mr. Justice Darling recently announced from the Bench at the Old Bailey that an application which had been made to attend his Court for the purpose of taking cinematograph pictures of a murder trial was an attempt to produce, simply for gain, a scene exploiting the misery and anguish of a man on his trial for capital punishment, and to exploit the feelings of the Judge in trying such a case, and that the application made was perfectly monstrous and indecent.

Everyone should be grateful for this announcement, which opens up a very important question and should be carried further.

Had these scenes been depicted without the consent of the Judge, the Judge would have had his remedy (which no doubt the applicants well knew or were advised of) of committal to prison for contempt of court. What remedy has the ordinary person from being exploited, and against his wish, simply for the purpose of gain to the pictorial press by being depicted on films and in photographs, and in moments of misery and anguish?

The majority of ordinary people, if they have thought upon the matter at all, probably think that the daily pictorial press have some legal right to depict them, for gain and profit.

The law of copyright is complicated enough even to lawyers, and so a great deal of injustice and exploitation is silently and ignorantly submitted to, and the pictorial press thrives thereon. Quite shortly, the law seems to be:—That a person who pays for his photograph to be taken possesses the copyright. Whereas if taken without payment the copyright belongs to the photographer. What seems invariably overlooked is that when the last takes place it must be at the request of the person taken, which implies also his or her consent to publication. If this be so, it should therefore be made most clear, in the interests of the public as well as of the individual, that the pictorial press have no right to publish the photograph of any person without their consent, and that if they do so heavy damages can and should ensue. Feeling that much injustice has been done in the past, and is still being done to many unfortunate individuals who come before the public gaze, the Penal Reform League, in one of its Bills before Parliament for the better treatment of accused persons, had inserted the following clause:—

"It shall be unlawful for any person publishing an account of any trial to publish the name or the portrait of any accused person before conviction."

—Yours, &c.,

T. R. BRIDGWATER.

16, More's Garden, Chelsea Embankment, S.W. 3.

THE RELIGIOUS TEMPER OF THE BOLSHEVIKS.

SIR,—You are increasing our obligations to THE NATION by the publication of Mr. Bertrand Russell's articles on Russia. At last we have the testimony of a trained, scientific observer, who has seen things as they are, not as he wished or expected to find them. Mr. Russell's account of the Bolshevik régime is sadly disillusioning. For my part, I feared that foreign intervention must have produced some of the same results as in the French Revolution, but the parallel has evidently gone further than I feared. Mr. Russell may be attacked for publishing unpleasant facts that compel the modification of previous opinions, but he will earn the gratitude of all that put the truth before partisanship. Why should we wish to be deceived?

Mr. Russell's first article has enlightened me on a point which no previous writer on Russia had made clear. I wanted to know, and have not hitherto been able to find out, whether the temper of the Bolshevik leaders closely resembled that of the French Jacobins. Mr. Russell makes it clear that it does—Lenin must be a Russian reincarnation of Robespierre—and this raises the question whether the religious temper is not, after all, the greatest obstacle to human progress. It is the fashion in England nowadays to dismiss the conflict between faith and reason as a relic of the Victorian Age. No such mistake is made in France, Italy, or most other Continental countries, where all Liberals, whether Socialists or not, recognize that religion is still the enemy. The Bolsheviks recognize it, but their definition of religion is too narrow. We, too, shall be forced, sooner or later, in this country to recognize that the fundamental con-

fict is between faith and dogma on the one hand, and reason and hypothesis on the other, and that on the victory of the latter permanent social progress depends.

The issue is, unfortunately, confused by the fact that the religious temper is too common among unbelievers. The Christians of the fourth century were Catholics; the Puritans of the seventeenth century were evangelical Protestants; the Jacobins of the eighteenth century were deists; the Bolsheviks of the twentieth century are atheists. Yet the mentality of all is much the same. They are different types of the religious fanatic. The primary responsibility for the present despotism in Russia is that of the Allies, just as the primary responsibility for the Terror was that of the Holy Alliance. In both cases despotism would probably have been impossible without foreign attack. But the religious temper of the Bolshevik leaders must also have been a factor in the substitution of a despotic oligarchy for what Kropotkin has called in his message to the British workers the "grand idea of Soviets." Just as Nationalists in all countries have mythicized the nation, so the Bolsheviks have mythicized the international proletariat. To their cult of a personified and mythical proletariat they unconsciously sacrifice the proletarians, just as Clemenceau sacrificed Frenchmen to a personified and mythical France. The members of the Russian Directoire no doubt sincerely believe that their dictatorship is a dictatorship of the proletariat, but, in fact, the proletariat on whose behalf it is exercised is an abstraction, something apart from the concrete and individual proletarians. By converting the Marxist hypotheses into dogmas they have transformed them from sources of action and progress into obstacles to progress and factors of rigidity. So the individual comes to be regarded as existing for the sake of the system, not the system for the sake of the individual. And that has been the history of revolutionary movements up to now.

Shall we ever get a revolutionary movement led by men free from the religious temper, guided by reason and not by faith, content with hypotheses and eschewing dogmas? Not, I fear, until two or three generations have been educated in a way very different from that in which children are educated at present. Not, at any rate, in a country where some hundreds of thousands buy a Sunday paper to read spiritualistic gibberish.—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL

July 12th, 1920.

IRELAND: AN APPEAL.

SIR,—Even among all the pressing problems of Europe and the East, upon which workers for International Peace are concentrating attention, the most urgent one for Englishmen is that of Ireland. Here is their most direct responsibility. Here, though the present is bad, the future may be far worse, and yet the exercise of a conciliatory statesmanship may still save the situation.

The National Peace Council approaches the question with two great principles in mind: Firstly, self-determination: no people to be held under an alien Government, or even within any political system, against its will. This freedom is essential for the peace of the world. Secondly, internationalism. It is not an isolated and defiant nationalism that will contribute to peace, but one tempered by a free recognition of the community of need and duty between states.

To this might be added the deep conviction, strengthened by the experience of the last six years, that the attempt to solve human problems by the indiscriminate outrage of war can only end in ghastly failure: and the Council trusts that the Prime Minister's readiness for a million casualties and a five years' war, rather than let Ireland go, will be rejected by the nation.

We desire to see Ireland retain her political association with Great Britain: she might obtain an absolute recognition of her nationhood inside the British Commonwealth, with complete self-government, as a member of an associated group of free nations. But this association must be freely chosen.

At the earliest moment the British Government ought to propose to the Irish people to elect the most widely representative Constituent Assembly to decide the future of their country; and in order that the momentous decision may not

be made under conditions of exasperation against Great Britain the present Army of Occupation should be withdrawn. We believe that the restoration of social peace in Ireland cannot be achieved by military force, but only by a friendly policy of free conference, and by laying the responsibility upon the people themselves.

As regards Ulster, the same principle applies. If she is to be a healthy member of the Irish body politic, she must come in deliberately, and must be given such a freedom of choice as will make the unity of Ireland an uncompelled, and therefore a real, unity.

Finally, the Council appeals to all parties to put aside that unbending and bitter spirit which leads to strife and ruin; it appeals to them to put forward renewed efforts of reconciliation and settlement, and to meet any such efforts in a temper that knows the value of mutual understanding and the importance of the common life.

On behalf of the National Peace Council.—Yours, &c.,

CHARLES TREVELYAN (Chairman),

H. BAILLIE-WEAVER (Chairman of the Executive).

F. E. POLLARD (Secretary).

75, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, W.C. 1.

A NEW SOCIAL PROJECT.

SIR,—Three things, says the writer of the article on "The Sickness of the World" in last week's NATION, are needed to restore the health of society:—

"(1). To abolish the government of industry by property.

"(2). To end the payment of profits to functionless shareholders by turning them into creditors paid at a fixed rate of interest.

"(3). To convert industry into a profession carried on by all grades of workers for the service of the public, not for the gain of those who own capital."

Demands almost identical with these are being made by body after body of serious thinkers on social subjects. They meet with much moral and intellectual assent, and yet most men continue, though it be with recurrent qualms, to conduct their lives and their businesses on the "acquisitive" lines that have brought our old world near to ruin.

This failure in the application of principle is largely due to a realization of the immense complexity and interdependence of parts which are involved in the large-scale operations of modern civilization. The individual feels that he cannot by any personal action escape from the system, and that any effective change must be itself a united and large-scale thing. His next thought is that such united action is impossible to-day because so many of the nation still believe in the necessity of preserving the incentive of private gain. Therefore it seems to follow that nothing radical or rapid can be done by individuals until general opinion is more fully prepared for change. This is why so much talk of social reconstruction lacks actuality. The conclusion reached would discourage those "daring crusades" (except of words!) which your correspondent "F. A. A." calls upon young Free Churchmen to undertake.

But there is a way out for the individual. There is other work than preaching to be done by those thousands of men and women who sincerely believe in the practical efficiency of the motive of service as the mainspring of social life, and in the need for functional organization.

For while the present more general developments are going on by means of State action, co-operative organization, trade union activity, and municipal effort, there remains much to be done in working out experimentally the practical relations of similar movements on a more manageable scale and in a more congenial atmosphere. If this could be thoroughly done in only one town the result obtained would be of the utmost value to the nation. It is almost impossible to do this in any existing town, where vested interests are already entrenched, and an adverse system already running with full momentum. But in a new garden city, appealing from the start to the spirit of co-operative service in every department of its life, what could not be done?

Such a town could use its ownership of the soil to minimize the possibility of the exploitation of its inhabitants by invasive private interests. It could carry a stage further the past experience of co-operative societies, progressive municipalities, and the most public-spirited of private firms.

It could safeguard its own future by developing a system of education aiming at freedom and fellowship. It could consciously help its citizens to build up a genuine self-government and an integral, organic social life.

Such a proposal, under the title of "New Town," has been quietly in preparation for the last two years. It is the result of the joint consideration of a varied body of fifty men and women, many of whom are members of the Society of Friends. A Pioneer Trust is in existence which has raised already £25,000 in support of the idea, and is prospecting the country for a suitable site.

Those who feel drawn to know more of this enterprise, or to link their fortunes with it, should read the two-shilling book "New Town," published by Dent's, or write to the Secretary, New Town Council, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C. 2, for particulars of the movement and of the New Town Conference to be held in Oxford next month.—Yours, &c.,

W. R. HUGHES.

7, Reed Pond Walk, Gidea Park, Essex.

OSTRICH FARMING.

SIR,—May I place a little piece of information before your readers about the Plumage Bill in as far as it is connected with the ostrich? I have visited two ostrich farmers in South Africa and seen what goes on. I wish the public could be made to understand that there is no cruelty associated in obtaining the feathers of that bird. When a feather is ready for use it is cut off about an inch from the base, and the process is no more cruel than cutting our nails. It is to the owner's *advantage* not in any way to injure the bird's skin, for if that is done the feather which follows is damaged. Women who wear ostrich feathers can prove this by removing the wire and the paper bound round the quill and seeing for themselves that the end has been cut. About other plumage I have no knowledge so I do not touch it, but I would never wear an ostrich feather if I thought it cruel.—Yours, &c.,

G. KING LEWIS.

Stoughton House, Croydon. July 8th, 1920.

[The ostrich-farming industry is exempted from the Plumage Bill.—Ed., NATION.]

THE NEW NATIONS AND ENGLISH LIBERALS.

SIR,—I wonder why a section of English Liberals, when speaking of the new nations, which have arisen from the collapse of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, do so only with scorn. Take, for example, your comments on the Teschen question. If the Teschen question is still an object of dispute between the Czechs and the Poles, it is not entirely the fault of the Czechs or the Poles. This question should have been settled by the Allies long ago. I do not wish to defend Polish military adventures in Russia, but I cannot understand why we Czechs should be regarded in such a scornful manner, for I feel justified in saying that we are one of the most liberal, democratic, and progressive nations in Europe. We have adopted a very liberal and democratic constitution and universal suffrage for both sexes with proportional representation to assure full representation to national minorities to whom we have given equal, political, and linguistic rights. More than half of the members of our Government are Socialists, and the President of our Republic is known as one of the most advanced thinkers in Europe. Our people are hardworking, there are scarcely any strikes and no disturbances. We are leaving our neighbours undisturbed, and our army is being demobilized as rapidly as circumstances permit. Yet, strange to say, we are a constant object of attacks by a section of the English Liberals. Is this consistent with English Liberalism?—Yours, &c.,

ALEXANDER BROZ.

Czechoslovak Bureau of Information,
8, Grosvenor Place, S.W. 1.

THE AALANDS TEST CASE.

SIR,—Those who believe in the League of Nations and are anxious that international disputes should be settled by the League, will have read with interest that the Aaland Islands dispute is to be referred to the League for a decision. In view of this important step towards the ideal of a

judicial League, it is worth running briefly over the points in dispute. Sweden has based a case for the transfer of the Aaland Islands to Sweden on the Swedish descent and language of the islanders, and on their wish that the Aalands should become a Swedish province. Finland, on the other hand, maintains that the Aalands have always been a part of Finland, even when Finland as a whole was a Swedish possession, and that when the independence of Finland was recognized by Sweden and other Powers it included the Aalands. The desire of the Aalanders to secede to Sweden is said to date no farther back than 1917. An important consideration is that, while Sweden now holds the one shore of the entrance to the Gulf of Bothnia, and Finland the other (the Aalands), the possession of the Aalands by Sweden would give her both shores of the entrance and so make the Gulf a "Swedish lake." Sweden affirms that the Aalanders are entitled to the right of "self-determination" under which Finland herself obtains her independence. Finland replies that the Aalanders are a population of 20,000 inhabitants out of a Finnish population of three and a half million, and that such a small proportion cannot justify the granting of a "self-determination" which would hand over an important strategic territory necessary to the integrity of Finland. The Aalanders, too, are only 20,000 out of 400,000 Swedish-speaking Finns, and these others are as emphatic in their desire to retain the Aalands to Finland as any other Finns. If the whole question is one of the "self-determination" of the Swedish-descended, and Swedish-speaking population of Finland, those on the mainland have equal right and cause to vote on the self-determination question. It appears doubtful, however, whether Sweden would admit the right of all the Swedish-speaking Finns to vote on the point of the self-determination of the whole or the part.

The problem demands the most careful thought of any conference of the League before a decision can be given. The argument, apparently, turns on the point of how large or how small a section of a community can be allowed to demand the right of self-determination and the disposal of their territory in accordance with their wish. Larger issues may hang on this decision than the fate of the Aaland Islands, and one can foresee many other applications throughout the world.—Yours, &c.,

A. MACCALLUM SCOTT.

House of Commons,
July 29th, 1920.

Poetry

WHY HAVE YOU SOUGHT?

WHY have you sought the Greeks, Eros,
When such delight was yours
In the far depth of sky:
There you could note bright ivory
Take color where she bent her face,
And watch fair gold shed gold
On radiant surface of porch and pillar:
And ivory and bright gold,
Polished and lustrous grow faint
Beside that wondrous flesh
And print of her foot-hold:
Love, why do you tempt the Grecian porticoes?

Here men are bent with thought
And women waste fair moments
Gathering lint and pricking colored stuffs
To mar their breasts,
While she, adored,
Wastes not her fingers,
Worn of fire and sword,
Wastes not her touch
On linen and fine thread,
Wastes not her head
In thought and pondering;
Love, why have you sought the horde
Of spearmen, why the tent
Achilles pitched beside the river-ford?

H. D.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Crisis of the Naval War." By Admiral Viscount Jellicoe. (Cassell. 31s. 6d.)
 "Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, 1844-54." Edited by E. F. Richards. (Lane. 16s.)
 "The Egyptian Problem." By Sir Valentine Chirol. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.)
 "Skylark and Swallow." Poems by R. L. Gales. (Erskine Macdonald. 5s.)
 "Chains." Poems by S. Winsten. (C. W. Daniel. 5s.)

* * *

THERE had been an attempt to make room, and a pile of books thought to have no further right to the title had been condemned. Scattered on the floor I noticed a number of guide-books. They were soiled. They were ragged. Their maps were hanging out. When we really needed them, when we were travelling, we were ashamed of them, and they were left in the ship's cabin, or in the hotel bedroom. Their maps and plans were studied; sometimes they were torn out and put in the pocket. But we were never bold enough to walk about Rome with Baedeker. It always seemed rather like wearing a little Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes in the button-hole. These guide-books were most interesting on wet days, when it was impossible, or undesirable, to go out. They were full of descriptions of the things one must certainly visit before leaving the place. Yet next morning, when we went out without our book, the little living peculiarities of the town which it had not even mentioned, because everybody there is aware of them, were so attractive that the things for which the town is famous were forgotten.

* * *

So once, when looking near Syracuse for "the famous *Latonia* or stone quarries, in certain of which the Athenian prisoners were confined," several of whom were spared, so the book said, because they could repeat choruses of Euripides, we met a cheerful goatherd, with a newly fallen kid under his arm, who used to be a baked pea-nut merchant in Chicago. He did not repeat choruses from Euripides, but perhaps even Euripides would have been interested in the pea-nut merchant's fables. We thought they were very good, while sitting on a limestone boulder under an olive-tree. The goats stood around too, and looked at us; I believe not entirely without understanding of those stories. What are stone quarries?

* * *

I MENTION this merely because I could see a map of Sicily amongst the discarded lumber, and rescued it, with its attached voluminous letterpress. I found that inside the cover I had myself made a little chart of the harbor of Tunis, though I have clean forgotten why. I remember the first time I was there, for I had been drawn thither by this very book, which had told me I was not to leave the Mediterranean without seeing Tunis. There it was; from the deck of our ship I saw electric trams, and the usual palatial *hôtels des étrangers*. A galley full of pirates was pulling near to us, and desperately I hailed it, threw in my bag, and directed them to take me to a ship flying the Italian flag, which clearly was leaving Tunis at once. That was the ship for me. There was some difficulty with the dark ruffians in the galley, and they followed me aboard the ship.

They pressed round me there, a chromatic and savage crew, and demanded much gold, with menaces, loud voices, and hot, blazing eyes. Their leader was a huge negro, in a white robe, whose mobile gargoyles, with a red gash across its middle, was pitted from small-pox; he looked like the Djinn. He towered over me and poured out a torrent in Arabic. Some Italian sailors listened at a respectful distance, a little scared. But I was weary of Roman ruins, hotels and other thoughtful provision for strangers, and of thieves; especially of thieves; shameless, insatiable, and arrogant thieves everywhere; and turned on that over-shadowing gargoyles, while it was still in full spate, remembered what chief mates are apt to say when they have put up with as much as they can stand, and said it to him suddenly. He stepped back (to my great surprise and relief), turned quietly to his crew, remarked to them sadly, and in sound English, "It's no — good, come on"; and then left that ship, as dejected as the carol singers who find they have been giving "Christians Awake" to a house to let. Now, guide-books cannot certainly provide you with that sort of interest in travel.

* * *

UNLESS, of course, they are old ones, and you have carried them about deviously on long journeys, and without expectation of good. Then they grow full of genuine addenda that their editors know nothing about, and of symbols with an import nobody understands but you. So they become invaluable in the days when, as guide-books proper, they are never likely to be used again. You read what isn't there. This guide-book to the Mediterranean, for instance, under the heading of "Oran," describes it as the "capital of a province, military division, 60,000 inhabitants. It is not certain that Oran existed in the time of the Romans." But who cares if it didn't, as it existed (and may still be there) in our time? We entered its harbor, in a collier, at night. We had no better evidence than we had arrived at Oran, after an unpleasant passage, than the shattering roar of the cable in the hawse-pipe; for we could see nothing but the dark, full of stars, and to port numerous and misplaced planets. We should see Africa standing over us in the morning. Yes, we turned-in with that assurance of a high coast, and it meant much in those days. The ship was so quiet that you could hear the paint crack on a rivet-head, and we read this guide-book concerning that part of the African coast which was just waiting to display itself to us at sunrise. Inland beyond those lights which looked like planets were Tlemcen; and Aïn Sefra, "an oasis 1,100 metres above sea-level . . . belonging to the Ouled Sidi Sheikh. Here one catches a glimpse of the Algerian desert, which is the fringe of the Great Sahara." We caught that glimpse, too, the next week.

* * *

No; room must be found for such books. One cannot discard the reminders of such hours. We must keep the evidence that we have occasionally existed. There, for another instance, is Baedeker's "Switzerland." Now the fact is that book, though bought for the occasion, was among the things we forgot to put in the bag. It was never missed. It is only to-day that we find it indispensable. For it was bought in the winter of 1913; and, for one thing—being a night arrival again—there were the shutters of a bedroom to be opened next morning; and a youngster who was with us then fairly gasped when we discovered to him a field of ice poised ethereally on clouds, and above that a light of rose on transcendent peaks. Will he ever forget it? Shall we? Well, certainly not while this Baedeker can provide a diagram of the very panorama we saw in a light of rose in the last winter of the peace.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

A NOBLE PIRATE.

"George, Third Earl of Cumberland, 1558-1605. His Life and Voyages." A Study from Original Documents. By Dr. G. C. WILLIAMSON. (Cambridge University Press. 25s.)

If there is anybody left who has learnt to read, and either has time hanging heavy on his hands or knows how to manufacture the article, let him turn to this admirably composed, well studied, and nobly illustrated volume; for it will at once take him out of himself and force him to forget the crushing weight of rates and taxes in 1920.

A more magnificent pirate never stalked the quarter-deck than this third Earl of Cumberland. He stands before us as a frontispiece to this book, from a miniature by Nicholas Hilliard in the collection of the Duke of Buccleugh. England surely never saw a costlier sea-thief. His clothes proclaim the man. Captain Kidd died disgracefully on the gallows. This Earl died gloriously in debt, and has a magnificent tomb in Skipton Church, the admiration of all heralds.

I have no room to describe his ancient lineage. Let it suffice to say that George Clifford, third Earl of Cumberland, was born in Brougham Castle on August 8th, 1558, and succeeded to his father's titles when eleven years old. At the age of thirteen he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took a degree, but in order to pursue his favorite study of geography was obliged to migrate to the sister University to work "at some antient maps and divers papers," preserved in one of the Oxford colleges; it is not known which. He was married at nineteen to a Bedford Russell aged seventeen, a lady who survived him ten years, and had much to forgive her lord, and did occasionally forgive him a good deal. You cannot be a pirate's wife with complete impunity.

We must proceed at once to Cumberland's voyages; not, indeed, to record them one by one, for they were as numerous as the Apostles, and often as violent in their endings—but to give some faint idea of their scale and occasional rich reward.

In Dr. Williamson's Life we can read all about these twelve voyages in an equal number of chapters, and how they were furnished and fashioned "to singe the Spaniard's beard," and to waylay and rifle the wealth of the Indies. But there is little need for a reader to make anything but the fifth voyage, in which the great carrack the "Madre de Dios" was captured.

"His Lordship considering the inconvenience of Her Majesties command, not to lay any Spanish ship aboard with her ships lest both might together be destroyed by fire, rather chose to seeke out amongst the merchants than to make further use of the ships Royall." (Purchas.)

Accordingly Cumberland hired the "Tiger," a ship of 600 tons, as his Admiral's vessel, and associated with it his own ship, the "Samson," 300 tons, and the "Golden Noble," 180 tons, and two smaller ships and his pinnace. They set sail from London in 1592, but were detained in Plymouth by contrary winds for three long and weary months, unable to get out either to seize any carracks outward bound or to reach the West Indies. Cumberland was not the man to kick his heels in a port, and disgusted by the delay he, to his subsequent sorrow and infinite chagrin, returned to Court, and transferred the chief command to Captain Norton with orders to make for the Azores. Whilst on this voyage Norton's ships fell in with part of a fleet furnished by Sir Walter Raleigh and commanded by Sir John Burroughs in the "Roebuck" (200 tons). In this fleet of Raleigh's Queen Elizabeth, as her wont was, had a large pecuniary stake. These two adventurers clubbed together, and on the Island of Flores decided upon a course of action which, after much bloodshed, resulted in the capture of the "Madre de Dios." Hakluyt describes the cargo in words so luscious and fraught with charm that to withhold them from the modern reader would be a sin, unpardonable in my eyes.

"The principall wares, after the jewels, consisted of spices, drugges, silks, calicoes, quilts, carpets and colours. &c. The spices were pepper, cloves, maces, nutmegs, cinnamon, green ginger. The druggs were benjamin (benzoin), frankincense, galingale, mirabolans, zocotrine, and camphere. The silks, damasks, taffetas, sarcanets, altobassos, that is, wonderful cloth of gold, unwrought

China silk, sleeved silks, white twisted silks, curled Cypresse. The calicoes were book calicoes, coarse white calicoes, calico launes, broad white calicoes, fine starched calicoes, brown broad calicoes, and brown coarse calicoes." (Who would have thought there could be so many calicoes on board one ship!) "There were also canopies, and coarse diaper towels, carpets like those of Turkey, pearle, muske, civet and amber-greece, likewise elephants-teeth, porcellan, vessels of china, cocoa nuts, hides, eben wood as black as jet, bedsteads of the same, &c. &c."

Sir John Burroughs tells us that the pepper on board was worth £102,000, and the pearls, amber, and musk 400,000 crusadors! Never before was there such a catch. It was the talk of the whole country.

"The World is grown to one vast drysaltery."

The greedy Queen "bagged" the pepper as her portion. It filled 3,652 bags, and took up the holds of five ships, including the "Samson." As even in Tudor times the supply of a commodity ruled its price, the Queen issued a Warrant, countersigned by Burghley, prohibiting all import of pepper for one year or longer according to the Lord Treasurer's discretion! As for the rubies and diamonds, the sailors crammed them in their pockets, and eight or nine hundred stones were afterwards discovered in Weymouth. Dartmouth, the port of arrival, looked, so an eye-witness declares, "like Bartholomew Fair," for all the London jewellers had agents to meet the carrack. A merchant subsequently deposed how "a mariner at Gravesend shewed him for sale 1,330 small sparks of diamonds, 61 rubies, 16 oz. of ambergris, three necklaces of pearls, &c.," and said he had bought the lot for £130, remarking that the diamonds were not worth more than 4d. each and the rubies 16d.

There can be no doubt that the "Madre de Dios" carried fabulous wealth, and that her loss brought consternation to the Spaniards. Of the quarrels that arose over all this plunder (for there is small honor amongst thieves) the reader is referred to Dr. Williamson's pages.

In 1594, during what is generally called Cumberland's eighth voyage, and of which there is a full contemporary narrative reprinted on pp. 127-136, a great carrack of 2,000 tons, named the "Cinquo Chagas," or "Five Wounds," was captured, reported to be the richest ship that had ever sailed from the East Indies, full of "gold, jewels, pearls, royalls of plate, and costly spices, the basest in value being black pepper."

But such ravishing descriptions are demoralizing. The revenue did not benefit, though the Queen, who had, we suppose, inherited her avaricious and miserly disposition from her grandfather, may have done so. Lord Cumberland himself died, as I have already said, in debt.

There is much else in this book besides piracy, for Court life (full of absurdity), country life, and family life (in the sense of family differences) are here revealed in original documents. Though Cumberland had a small share in 1588 in the defeat of the Spanish King's attempt at the conquest of England, not much is said about it. Nor of the tragedies of Mary Queen of Scots and of Essex, in which he played a part.

Altogether Dr. Williamson's book is a live bit of history, and as such may be welcomed. Every "drysalter" with a touch of romance in him should buy a copy, and Mincing Lane might do worse than distribute an edition.

A. B.

FALKENHAYN ON THE WAR.

"General Headquarters, 1914-1916, and its Critical Decisions." By General VON FALKENHAYN. (Hutchinson. 24s. net.)

GENERAL LUDENDORFF lost no time in publishing his views of the war, and his book presented us at least with a glimpse of a problematical personality. The enthusiasm, the singleness of purpose, the capacity for hard work, would not have made so full an appeal had they not been married to a spirit that could, on occasion, be reckless even to folly as at Liège, that could stake all on a throw as at Tannenberg, that could finally so lose itself in illusion as to be content to fight on when all was lost on the conviction that "chance

may come our way again." Ludendorff was what the public accepts as a "great general"; but he was also a very human man.

General Falkenhayn has been slower in producing his story of the war, and the fact is characteristic. He was a colder, more objective character than Ludendorff. His personality intrudes on the story much less; but the view we form of him is that he was a more formidable figure than his successor. He speaks of the "overhasty and unnecessary declarations of war on Russia and France" in one arresting sentence. Such a view makes one wonder if there would have been any war at all if he had had the direction of affairs, for it is difficult to think Europe would have been plunged into the abyss if there had been but a little more consideration of available data. And this point is reinforced by the table which is presented as an appendix to the book. If we can believe this schedule, Germany, in October, 1914, had only 1,700,000 "fighting troops" in the Western theatre, as against 2,300,000 of the Allies; and the Central Powers fought with 563,000 against 950,000 Russians on the Eastern Front at the same time. Assuming the correctness of these figures, we can only be amazed at the criminal folly of the German War Party in staking the future of their country on a war to be fought on such terms. Even if all the Germans had been withdrawn from the Eastern Front at that moment, the Allies would still have had a superiority of 400,000 men. If we make every allowance for the superior equipment with machine-guns, we can still see nothing which could have encouraged the German Staff to build with such confidence on the issue. Falkenhayn had his misgivings apparently, and we cannot but think that others would have shared them, if the declarations of war had not been flung about so hastily and so "unnecessarily."

But, embarked on the war, Falkenhayn had no scruples, and his reflections give us some grounds to reconsider our judgment of Schlieffen. It was on the plans of the latter general that the first phase of the war was fought; but in a critical juncture Falkenhayn's predecessor, Moltke, departed from their spirit. Schlieffen had foreseen the possibility of the Russians invading East Prussia, and his reply was to withdraw behind the Vistula. We gather from Falkenhayn's view that the Battle of Tannenberg practically lost the war. "The forces which were withdrawn from the West before the battles on the Marne and of Tannenberg were sorely missed on the Western Front . . . and its evil influence upon the course of this part of the war can scarcely be sufficiently emphasized." If Moltke had stood rigidly by Schlieffen's plan the Battle of the Marne might have had a very different course. With two additional corps Bülow's front could have borne the strain of the pressure of the 5th French Army, and Maunoury was almost outflanked. Falkenhayn realized the folly of Moltke. "The completeness of the victory obtained on the Marne" left no room for illusions; and even Moltke seems to have realized it, for one of the three corps sent to the Eastern Front was brought back again. Moltke ceased to be Chief of Staff on September 14th, 1914, and Falkenhayn's rôle was to liquidate the situation caused by the Marne. But his first blows failed. He had to fall back upon trench warfare, and he points out that "where one party had gained time, by the adoption of trench warfare, to apply these means (the modern methods of the art of fortification) methodically, the ordinary weapons of attack often failed completely." In this is supplied the history of many Allied failures. "Attempts at a break-through, even with an extreme accumulation of men and material, cannot be regarded as holding out prospects of success against a well-armed enemy, whose moral is sound and who is not seriously inferior in numbers." Falkenhayn thought he might change the situation by gas attacks. But when he had achieved success at the second Battle of Ypres "the necessary reserves were not ready." The tank, which was the Allied expedient of redressing the chances of trench warfare, did not occur to him.

Falkenhayn became convinced in December, 1915, that unrestricted submarine warfare should be undertaken at once. The Chief of the Naval Staff held that "the employment of the High Seas Fleet could only be considered under exceptionally favorable tactical conditions," and the result of the Battle of Jutland "certainly did not prove that the opinion of the Chief of the Naval Staff as to the present use of the

German Fleet was wrong." If the "political leaders" had agreed to begin the unrestricted campaign the course of the war might have taken a different turn. But while he insisted upon the submarine campaign he also planned the Verdun offensive. His problem was: a very small reserve and the necessity of an offensive. Operations on a wide front were ruled out, and it seemed best to attack some point on the French front where they could not retreat without great moral and political disadvantages. These conditions applied to Belfort and Verdun; but as the latter was only twelve miles distant from the German railway communications and an attack "with a relatively small expenditure of effort" might make "the whole German front in France and Belgium untenable," this sector of the front was chosen. The French would be compelled to throw in every man they had and so would "bleed to death." It is strange that so subtle a plan should have been based on the desire to knock "England's best sword" from her hand! But apart from this the plan seemed sound though it was generally misconceived by the Allies. It was wrecked on the superb tactical ability of the French and upon the necessary conditions of the positional warfare which ensued.

The failure led to the arrival of Hindenburg and Ludendorff at Headquarters, and Falkenhayn resigned. The position was serious; but it had never been anything else "since September 14th, 1914," and "it is probable that nothing contributed more to the deplorable conclusion of the war than the circumstance that this fact was concealed from the mass of the German people until it was too late to save anything." The soldiers must have known how slight was their chance of success against such odds before the war gamble began. After the Marne both Falkenhayn and Ludendorff saw that the position was almost desperate. Yet they kept the war going, fed their people on victories, and hoped that chance might "come their way again." One wonders that, in the light of these frank revelations, anyone should ever trust the counsels of soldiers. The glamor of Ludendorff's book covers up the starker outlines of the desperate gamble. Falkenhayn's colder intellect tears aside the veil. In this pitiless, inhuman view of the war we get the measure of a scientific soldier's mind and method more clearly. They cannot be studied without a feeling of horror.

THE FAR CORNERS.

"Wanderings." By RICHARD CURLE. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

WHAT is romance? The answer, which would occupy volumes and raise a cloud of controversy, may be evaded by the simple who take refuge in the common forms of millions, love or war. But Mr. Curle, who is neither simple nor common, has an answer ready for us in his book. Romance, for him, at once mysterious and definite, is to be found in a given quarter of the globe; for "people are episodic, meetings casual, but the wide and far corners of the earth are fixed and substantial." As a youth, years ago, he set sail and reached the very place where the rainbow ends; and there, eating a French dinner, served by white uniformed negroes, in a sultry air through which a cloud of insects beat upon the lamps, "in the familiar strangeness of the scene, with the background of the night as a setting to this picture of civilized decorum, I felt as elated as at the glimpse of a railway passing through a waste. The fringes of the wilderness are exciting because in the meeting of opposites there lurks one of the great essentials of romance. For what is romance without contrast and without the sense of the unspoken word?"

Mr. Curle visited Jamaica at the age of nineteen, and his memories of the West Indies have haunted him faithfully through later years. Often in crowded thoroughfares he has found consolation in some island picture of "a lonely inn perched above the sea and fronting a coral-rimmed lagoon where the green-white combers rolled and flashed upon the reef"; or of the single palm tree and stretch of fine sand over which crawled innumerable pink crabs; or of an evening drive through the sugar fields. Years afterwards, he writes, sitting in equatorial Africa

amidst the dry bush veldt far removed from any sea, the memory of those encircled, spicy islands steals on him "like some rare and irrecoverable essence":—

"Again I view the sunsets of the Caribbean sea, I feel the breath of her nights, I watch her pale and fragile dawns break, as with a sudden hush upon her reefs. Cruising about these islands is like stealing a march on time. You stand motionless, as it were, in a ring of changeless hours, not dead hours as in the open sea, but still and trance-like hours in which the phantom outlines gleam and fade upon the far horizon. The true aroma of such days can never be expressed, those days of the senses working acutely, harmoniously, and as under some guiding spell."

It is in the tropics of South America, where the extremes of civilization and savagery meet, that Mr. Curle finds his spiritual home. By the forests of Guiana he pulled out a tattered translation of one of the novels of Dostoevsky, and in Dostoevsky the regions of the heart are as trackless as the jungle itself: there could be no better background for the chaotic genius of the Russian than the giant disorder of the wild. Of this wilderness we may take one glimpse:—

"A towering wall of forest closed the water's edge and stretched away, unbroken and green upon the long curves of the river. The Essequibo mirrored it upon its bosom, and in that clear serenity it was hard to say where sky and water met. The throbs of our six-cylindrical engine beat loud upon the noiseless stream, and a furrow of tea-colored wavelets undulated behind us and marked our momentary stride upon the wilderness. In this solitude only the river seemed to live. A few parrots winged overhead flying to their feeding grounds in the depths of the wood, a few yellow butterflies drifted across from shore to shore, a few arapaima or caymans splashed under the banks, but that was all. (Yet who knows what beady thicket-eyes were watching us unseen?) And in silent contortions, in a riot of twisting roots and twining lianas, the forest drank in the sunlight and fought heavenwards. Trailers hung from its branches, corruption crept about its feet, orchids with airy tentacles blazed in its green foliage. It seemed to breast the water in dumb fury and, like some Polypheumus confused and blinded by the river, to raise impotent, fierce hands against its destiny. And yet above this soundless warfare there dwelt a feeling of utter tranquillity. How can I conjure before you the dazzling peace that lay upon the world in the coolness of the morn?"

Mr. Curle has wandered through many other countries and visited most of the famous cities. But Rome, like the hero of Clough's poem, disappointed him much, the Romans were rude and the ruins rubbishy; Cairo was false and vulgar, and packed with horrible tourists; in London it is only exotics like Turkish baths and the Small Cat House in the Zoo that allure him; in Paris he is chiefly conscious of regret that the Morgue is now closed to the public, and in Madrid he found nothing to console him but the railway station. From Athens, the oppression of garlic and classical associations rapidly drove him away, for Mr. Curle, who detests picture galleries and dislikes antiquities, is too enthusiastic a romantic simple to find pleasure in beauties which have won the praise of centuries. Romance to be true to itself must bring with it the sense of individual discovery, so, "leaving the Parthenon and the Acropolis to common knowledge and the Hellenistic spirit" with which he feels no sympathy, Mr. Curle abandons, without reluctance, the Old World for the New.

"People are episodic," he writes; and it is true that the human interest in this volume is whimsical and slight. Such few figures as do appear have the character of the grotesque, like the fantastic, frock-coated gentleman outside the Paris restaurant, which pleases Mr. Curle almost as much as the gargoyles on Notre Dame; the pathetic reader of Hakluyt, in Georgetown, and the delicious undertaker, "of indescribable decorum and with the eyes of a bereaved frog," from whom Mr. Curle learned that there were several newspapers devoted solely to his branch of industry, as well as other confidences of the profession:—

"'Come, Mr. —,' I said, 'you're an undertaker; won't you tell me precisely what you do when you're called in?'"

"He gazed at me with professional gravity as he replied in that subdued voice of his, 'It's like this: suppose a gentleman should—er—happen to pass away—'"

"'All right Mr. —, he passes away; now what do you do?'"

"He was not loth to give details, some of which were distasteful. 'But personally,' he continued, 'I always

show the highest respect.' After a pause he fell off into reminiscence. 'Spirit-drinkers make beautiful corpses,' he murmured, 'beer-drinkers—er—very unpleasant. There are times in the hot weather when we have to—'"

"'Quite so,' I broke in hurriedly; 'and now would you mind telling me something about funerals?'"

"He did not mind; indeed, he became positively enthusiastic on the subject of family vaults, plush 'fittings,' and a £37 10s. funeral that was his most soaring achievement."

Mr. Curle has dedicated his volume to Joseph Conrad, and his affinity with this genius is marked, for not merely has Mr. Curle found himself most at home in the country of so many of Mr. Conrad's masterpieces, but there are unmistakable traces of the master's influence in his style. The smell of the East—"something old, complex, and exhausted"; the Sphinx, who gazes over the desert "with a stare brutish, triumphant, and unconscious"—these sentences betray not only the affinity of a mood, but the expression of the master Mr. Curle most admires.

BRITISH SOCIALISM.

"A History of British Socialism." By M. BEER. Vol. II. (Bell. 15s. net.)

In reviewing Mr. Beer's first volume last year we noted that he never attempted a definition of the word "Socialism." What was perhaps a merit in his first volume tends to become a defect in his second. In Volume I, which covered the period up to 1840, he was dealing with the birth of Socialism and the St. John the Baptists of modern Socialist doctrine. Any rigid definition might have seriously impaired the value of that investigation, for what was wanted was a survey of the dim, confused, spasmodic revolts against the system of private property. But we opened the second volume legitimately expecting to find Mr. Beer at last dealing with Socialism proper, with a definite creed, doctrine, philosophy, theory. To our amazement the first 195 pages are devoted to the detailed history of Chartism, and Mr. Beer seems to imply that Chartism was a form of Socialism. Chartism, he says, "had not been a struggle of a plebs for equal rights with the patriciate to spoliates and enslave other classes and nations, but a class war aiming at the overthrow of the capitalist society and putting production, distribution, and exchange on a co-operative basis." It would be difficult to find a better example of the fatal tendency of historians to read the beliefs and desires of their own time into the movements and struggles of the past. Mr. Beer's first 195 pages contradict absolutely this summing up of his. Chartism was, fundamentally, non-Socialistic; it was a movement of political and Parliamentary democracy. The very first sentence of the Charter reveals the political doctrine of its inventors and supporters: "Whereas, to insure the just government of the people, it is necessary to subject those who have the power of making the laws to a wholesome and strict responsibility to those whose duty it is to obey them when made." And the famous Six Points are all directed solely to ensuring this principle of political democracy. The whole movement sprang from, and was dominated by, the belief that the subjection of the working classes would be abolished if they won political power. It is true, of course, that between the years 1836 and 1848 there gathered around this central idea a fringe of all kinds of dim doctrines and confused aspirations, the flotsam and jetsam of every revolutionary movement. And so, when it was all over and the people and their Charter had suffered the last indignity, O'Connor could say: "Further, I would not give a fig for the Charter if we were not prepared with a solid social system to take the place of the artificial one which we mean to destroy." But that was only the afterthought of a discredited and defeated Chartist. The true epitaph of Chartism was Kingsley's words to the Chartists in 1848: "My quarrel with the Charter is that it does not go far enough. I want to see you free; but I do not see how what you ask for will give you what you want. You mistake legislative reform for social reform, you think men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament."

Chartism was a movement for constitutional political

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reform, for a rearrangement of political power; it became revolutionary, but it never became a movement for a rearrangement of the economic system or against property. It was the antithesis of Socialism, and it is a serious defect in Mr. Beer's work that he obscures this fact. It is, however, easy to see how Mr. Beer, who was a careful historian and an exact thinker, has fallen into this error. He sat down to write a history of British Socialism, and, being a foreigner, he never quite realized the fact that, while there have been a few British Socialists, there has never really been any British Socialism. That fact is a result of our inveterate tradition that clear thinking is an unnecessary evil which can be abolished from public life. It required three unreadable volumes of a German Jew and twenty years of Continental Socialism to convince us that adult suffrage is not the same thing as the abolition of private property. And when it is remembered that it is open to argument whether the existing Labor Party is or is not a Socialist party, it remains doubtful whether even to-day we have reached that degree of mental clarity. It was hardly to be expected that Mr. Beer, an Austrian accustomed to Continental methods of thought, would realize all this, and he therefore read into our social history a logicity and an intellectual conscience which are alien to it. But, while we have had to draw attention to this fundamental defect in his second volume, we are not blind to its very great merits. It is certainly the best history we know of the influence of Socialistic theories and aspirations upon British politics and political thought.

A GALLIMAUFY.

"A Woman's Man." By MARJORIE PATTERSON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Black Curtain." By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. net.)

"The Golden Bird." By DOROTHY EASTON. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

"A WOMAN'S MAN" is one of those not infrequent books which just misses being very good indeed. Its structural method is unusually fertile in resource. Armand de Vaucourt is a French artist who leaves his mother and Bernardette, his betrothed, for the flashy, corrupt Paris of the art circles. Here he goes through the Verlaine-cum-absinthe phase, and becomes enslaved to his publisher's wife, a vicious middle-aged barbarian. She betrays him and he marries Bernardette, whose unobtrusive devotion is responsible for his literary successes. But Bernardette could never satisfy a man rotted by years of intimacy with the vile Marie-Thérèse, and in middle life he is sheltering like a dinky butterfly of October round the skirts of the daughter of his friend's old mistress, a worthless chit of the *trottoir*, who leads him an undignified dance, until she yields for the worldly advantages she can get out of him. De Vaucourt learns of his wife's death as he is taking this girl away to live with him. In substance, all this is commonplace enough, but the tale is given a genuine twist of life and reality through being told by de Vaucourt himself in the rôle of an aged and weary confessor, musing over his old contacts with art and women. The really subtle and interesting part of the book is de Vaucourt's delusive vanity, scenting his *mea culpa* with the intoxicating perfume of complacency. In the same way, the self-mutilated monks of the desert bemoaned their sins with the half-conscious assumption of the Byronic flair. The application of this deep-rooted little weakness of human nature to a modern artist, preserved by his invulnerable vanity from ever discovering the contemptible truth about himself he reveals to the reader, is an ingenious and ironic device, thrown into admirable perspective by the charming character of his wife and given a touch of solid criticism of life by its indirect reflection upon the real nature of the second-rate "artistic temperament." De Vaucourt flagellates his back and smacks his lips at one and the same time. It is a curious psychological phenomenon of man's, this aptitude in confessing, repenting, and boasting the same ignoble action, and Miss Patterson makes a very honest and clever attempt with it. But she does not quite possess the experience, mastery, and breadth of insight which would have lifted her novel quite clear of the

perishable fiction of to-day. What we can say is that she has dared worthily, and that her next novel should take her still further from it.

Had the characters of Mr. Goldring's book been golden-hearted boys and golden-haired girls, we should have sighed and murmured something about the factory of fiction. Because they are emancipated women and revolutionaries, we assume that we are moving in a brighter and loftier world. The one side says that marriage is the gate of glowing dreams or something of that kind; the other, that marriage is an "indecent humbug." The one party grasps the shaft of the British flag with a throb in his manly bosom; the other salutes the Red Dawn with a stimulating but vague gesture of cosmopolitanism. Both are blind guides, for marriage is not an indecent humbug any more than it is a gate of glowing dreams. The one point of view is as provincial as the other, and as Mr. Goldring has not the gift of charm and distinction in his writing, we do not feel any more comfortable in the one galley than the other. He writes as a party, not an individual, a party which says Nay to the other party's Yea, and such is not the way of truth or vision. The trouble with this kind of fiction is that it never thinks out its data, whether they be persons or ideas; they are taken on trust and for granted. If we meet crane's bill in a garden, we call it a weed; if along a hedgerow we call it a flower.

It is not a wise custom, we think, for an established author to cover the introduction of new writers to the public with a mantle of richly generous appreciation. In what may be a perverse opinion that authors should stand on their own legs, we are apt to judge them either indulgently as led by the hand or severely as very well able to take care of themselves. Mr. Galsworthy expresses himself too kindly about Miss Easton's excellent sketches. They are very unequal, some of them being mere literary exercises and highly self-conscious, others sound and precise but not remarkable, and a few delicate and very dexterous. The impressions are principally of Sussex and Paris, and even the best of them do not carry us very far beyond the borders of orthodox impressionism. The best are all studies of people—the country scenes are *staccato* and over-literary. The former are certainly admirable examples of faithful observation transformed into a literary unity with good judgment and discrimination.

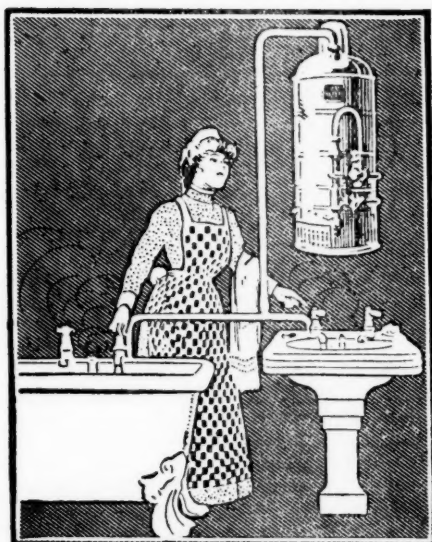
BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Cardinal Mercier's Own Story." (Hodder & Stoughton. 25s.)

CARDINAL MERCIER's long struggle with the German invaders was an inspiration and a sign of hope to the Belgian people in their four years of oppression. The story is known to the world; what this book reveals is the skill with which the Cardinal fought for his flock. He held a strong position, and would scorn the suggestion that high courage was needed to make use of it, but no one reading those persistent and finely worded protests to von Bissing and von Falkenhausen can help feeling the thrill of admiration a fine character playing a fine part should excite. The Germans dared not place the Cardinal, as they did Burgomaster Max, where he could cease from troubling them; he knew it, and while it would have been simpler and safer for him to behave as other high priests behaved in all the warring countries, his conscience kept him to the harder task. He has consented to the publication of his voluminous correspondence, entrusting Professor Fernand Mayence with the editorship. Baron von der Lancken, head of the Political Department at German Headquarters, writes the most interesting of the German letters. He appears to have enjoyed a bout of words with the Cardinal. He had none of the coarseness of von Falkenhausen nor the silly touchiness of von Bissing. He defended the action of his superiors somewhat academically and without enthusiasm. From the beginning to the end of the war the Cardinal kept up his appeals and protests, and on October 17th, 1918, von der Lancken, in the name of the German Authorities, declared to him: "You are, in our estimation, the incarnation of occupied Belgium, of which you are the venerated and trusted pastor."

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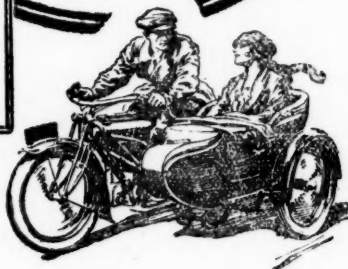
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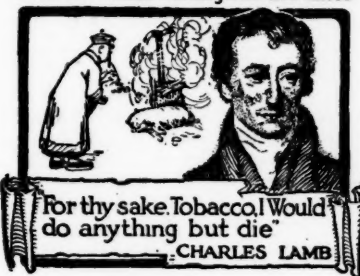
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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

IN a short time we shall be in the heyday of the holiday season, and its approach, with its presage of dull days in the City, is already exerting its influence. Stock Exchange business is at a low ebb, but it cannot be said that markets are without feature. Foreign Bonds have recently shown strength, and Home Rails have dropped deeper than ever into the slough of despond. As much as 9½ per cent. is now obtainable on purchases of leading Home Railway stocks at present quotations. Railway difficulties are formidable enough in all conscience, and the future is obscure, but I am decidedly inclined to think that the gloom is being overdone. I endeavored to indicate recently on this page the reasons why the Government's new railway proposals should be regarded by stockholders with temperate hope rather than complete despair. In spite of Sir Frederick Banbury's speech to a meeting of Great Northern proprietors, I see no reason to revise this conclusion at present. Possibly the most recent slump is due largely to the furious Press opposition to raising fares during the holiday season, which is read by some as illustrating the difficulty of establishing levels of rates and fares on which the railways can really work profitably. But it must be remembered that the present agitation is directed not so much against the rise in fares as against the date which Sir E. Geddes had tactlessly chosen for its enforcement. Moreover, the amendment to the Finance Bill excluding railways and statutory undertakings from the Corporation Tax for two years lifts at least one portion of the weight that is depressing stockholders.

Tuesday night's Exchequer Return recorded a further reduction of £7½ millions in the floating debt, practically the whole being taken off Ways and Means Advances, which is all to the good. Receipts from sales of war stores, &c., for the first time for many weeks, do not figure in the return. Treasury Bonds brought in a meagre £350,000, and net sales (i.e., sales less repayments) of National Savings Certificates were only £150,000. The support accorded to these two attractive securities by the investing public is miserably inadequate.

Last week's Currency Notes return contains a new feature which is likely to mislead. Last month the Government called in the first and second series of "Bradburys" from circulation, holders being given till September 1st to exchange any such notes for those more recently issued. Last week's return gives an item of £7 millions odd for "notes called in but not yet cancelled." This item makes it appear from the return that there was a reduction of £8½ millions in circulation, although only £1½ millions seems to represent actual and genuine decrease. Presumably—at any rate, one can only assume it in the absence of testimony to the contrary—the bulk of these £7½ million notes will be exchanged by holders before September 1st. Statistical manipulation of this kind inevitably suggests jugglery to the public, and has the unfortunate effect of impairing public trust in official Government figures.

THE NATIONAL BALANCE SHEET.

Recent White Papers issued by the Treasury considerably clarify the position as regards national indebtedness. It is now officially stated that our total dead weight debt on March 31st last amounted to £7,835 millions. White Paper (Cmd. 780), which all who are interested in the subject should buy for one penny from H.M. Stationery Office, sets out the following assets which may be balanced against this debt:—

	£
Obligations of Allies and Dominions	1,771,600,000
War Stocks, recoverable advances, &c.	700,000,000
Arrears of Excess Profits Duty	310,000,000
Miscellaneous Assets	96,345,000
Giving a total of	£2,876,945,000

Unfortunately, this assets statement has to be taken with a pinch of salt, for it includes £568,000,000 owed by Russia on a par with the obligations of Allies and Dominions. One hopes that some day stability may be re-established, and

that some proportion of the money lent to Russia may be repaid. But surely under present conditions it is entirely misleading to put down this £568 millions without comment among our war assets. It would have been more in keeping with the elements of sound finance had the debt by Russia been coupled with possible reparation payments by Germany which are not included in assets, but are referred to in a footnote as follows: "Receipts in respect of reparation from late enemy Powers are not included in these figures and cannot be estimated until the Reparation Commission has dealt with the claims before it." Nevertheless, even if one rigorously excludes debts from Russia and German reparation, net war assets remain at some £2,400 millions, making our net debt some £5,400 millions. That is admittedly a formidable figure, but our position in respect of possibilities of complete financial recovery are extraordinarily favorable if compared with those of other belligerents. The Budget for the current year allows £238 millions out of revenue for repayment of debt in various forms. Twenty such Budgets, as Mr. Chamberlain boasted, would dispose of the debt problem altogether. Rigorous retrenchment in public and private expenditure, and concentration upon production for export, are urgently required to assist the nation to solve the problem without excessive discomfort.

A RUSH OF NEW ISSUES.

New issues of capital are unusually numerous this week. Obviously intending borrowers are tumbling over each other in their haste to put their wares on the market before the "dog days" are upon us. When August has got fairly under way the stream of new issues will probably turn into a mere trickle. Taking the week's issues as a whole, one notices that borrowers are finding it necessary to raise the terms of offers. Instead of commenting upon the individual issues of the week (some of which, on paper at any rate, are alluring), it is perhaps more helpful to warn investors while they are reading these prospectuses not to lose sight of the excellent returns that may be obtained by buying existing securities of proved soundness. Under the present general tenor of economic circumstances, industrial ordinary shares (except, perhaps, those of great companies who have proved their ability to weather many a storm) must look for support to the wealthy and not to the small investor. Further, the latter should remember that as much as 8 per cent. is obtainable at present on existing preference shares of companies of very high standing and well-established financial position. Weigh well the attractions of such investments before plunging into new flotations.

Some surprise is felt at the poor reception accorded to the recent quadruple Corporation Loan, of which only the Lincoln section was well subscribed. Such loans, even when badly received at issue, have recently met with excellent support as soon as quoted on the Stock Exchange. No doubt the quadruple loan will mark a repetition of recent history. Each section is a good holding.

TRUST HOUSES.

The rapid and successful expansion of Trust Houses Ltd. is followed with interest by those who study liquor problems and public-house reform as well as by investors. This company, which operates inns and hotels all over the country, makes a special point of catering for general requirements and not for alcoholic refreshment in particular. In fact, managers are given percentage on sales of all refreshments except alcoholic drink. In the year ending March 31st this company increased its turnover by £500,000, and earned net profits of nearly £72,000 on an average capital employed of £700,000. The maximum dividend of 7 per cent. was paid, £10,000 put to reserve account, and £29,339 carried forward subject to excess profits duty. During the year sixty-eight houses were acquired. The amount of capital now issued is £1,200,000. The 7 per cent. shares are purchasable round about par, a fact which, with interest rates what they are at present, testifies to the confidence of holders.

L. J. R.

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